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THE BELLE OF THE BEAVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

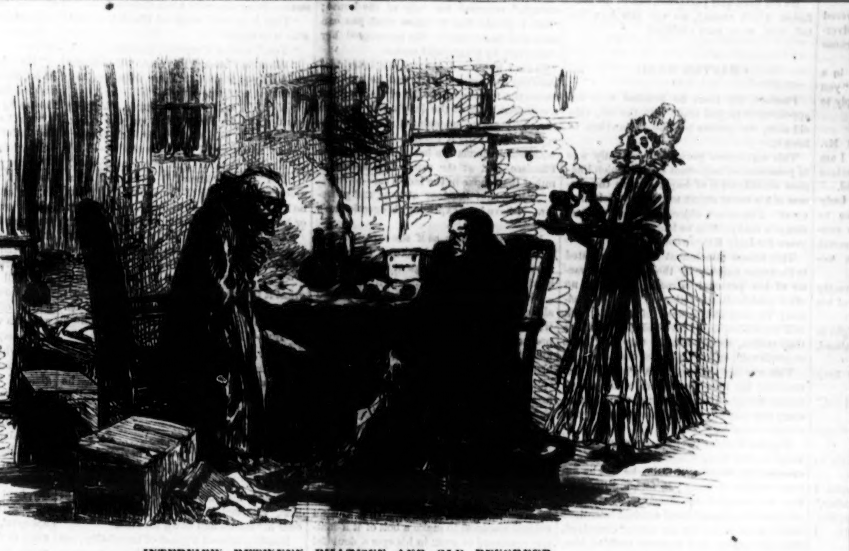
How winsome and winning are her eyes,
How true they seem to be!
And under the dewy twilight skies
What tales they tell to me!
And yet, and yet, down in my heart
I fear I can ne'er believe her,
When those eyes speak of trusting love—
The pretty Belle of the Beaver.

She has such a roguish, artful way
Of letting her glances fall,
They're soft as the light in summer skies,
But beam alike on all!
And should she break a score of hearts
I fear it would never grieve her,
The dainty elf! the sly coquette!
The bonnie Belle of the Beaver.

Ah, well, if her cheeks were not the hue
Of apple blooms in May,
If her voice had not the magic power
To steal all hearts away,
If her young life had more of care,
Or did fairy Fortune weave her
A crown less bright, she would not be
The pretty Belle of the Beaver.

So here is a God-speed evermore,
May life's sky still be blue!
And the happy heart she choose at last
Be noble, kind and true!
On her young life may angels smile,
Dame Fortune never deceive her,
But health, and wealth, and beauty crown
The pretty Belle of the Beaver!

Glen-Ellen.



INTERVIEW BETWEEN PHARISEE AND OLD PENGREEP.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

At the very moment that the Marquis of Chillingham, surprised out of his usual frigidity, would have seized the hands of Ishmael, the sinking figure of Violet, overcome by her emotion at the sight and cold behavior of Cyril, interposed, and he had to step back as hastily as he had advanced.

Although betrayed into a momentary excitement, it was but momentary. The very following instant he beckoned with his finger to Ishmael, and drew aside a long, magnificent damask curtain, which seemed to conceal a window, but in reality masked a door, and Ishmael, bearing the senseless form of Violet, accompanied by the marquis, disappeared behind it.

The whole incident was so rapidly enacted that the two principal characters engaged in it were gone ere those who were the most deeply interested in their appearance could draw their breath.

As the heavy, massive drapery fell back into its long, graceful folds, still and motionless as before, Lord Kingswood gasped audibly, nor was the inspiration of his breath less deep than that of Lady Kingswood. Her attention had been wholly absorbed by the wholly unlooked-for appearance of Erle, and it remained so until, like the shadow of a dark cloud, the figure of the Marquis of Chillingham interposed, and hid it from her sight.

But the face remained the pale, clear, bright, haughty face—the Kingswood face, the face of two centuries back and of now—the face more vividly resembling that of her husband than did her own son's.

Pharisee's fearful suggestion struck her to the heart like a poisoned arrow at this moment.

Oh, it was a sharp agony she suffered as she remembered his words even as if they were being now hissed into her ears. She involuntarily pressed her hands over her aching eyes, scalding tears were excoriating them; but even in this bitter moment she remembered her position in society, and made a desperate exertion of self-control to conceal her convulsive emotion from the eyes of those who would not have beheld it without making it the subject of an extensive scandal. The *salons* of the Marquis of Chillingham, thronged as they were by thoughtless, worldly, reckless, and cold votaries of fashion, was no place in which to give way to a wild ebullition of over-wrought feelings, and she made a choking effort to appear still calm and passionless.

She moved her burning fingers from her fevered lids, and the glare of the lights blinded her, as the loud clangor of the instruments, still performing a wild and joyous air, deafened and distracted her. She threw again a hurried glance around her, but Erle was no longer visible. He, and those who accompanied him, had disappeared.

She had, however, seen only him. It was upon his face and form she had brooded for weeks, and when, like a spectre in a blaze of splendor, he appeared abruptly before her, she noticed not who came side by side with him.

Ishmael she would not have recognized; Violet she did not know. It would have been impossible for her not to have been struck with the unearthly beauty of Violet's face, with the delicate and refined symmetry of her form, or the remarkable character of her attire, which, unexceptionable in taste, rendered her so much more like a fair, pure, immaterial spirit than a human creature; she would, undoubtedly, as all present were, have been startled by her singular aspect, but beyond that she would not have been affected.

Erle alone attracted all her sense of vision, all her mental faculties. No sooner did his face glare in her eyes than she beheld—thought of no one else—save her husband.

To him she turned now.

Him, Lord Kingswood, a Minister of the Imperial Government, his honors thick upon him, the congratulations of the high and powerful yet ringing in his ears. Him, the proud representative of a long line of ancestry, the haughty, the imperious noble, standing cowering, shuddering, as a beaten hound.

She saw his ghastly face, his quivering limbs, his palsied figure, and notwithstanding that there were eyes fixed upon her face, and open ears to catch her words, she would have repeated that question, a true answer to which was of such vital import to her.

Before she could carry her intention into effect, a finger was laid lightly upon her arm, and she observed the calm, set face of the Marquis of Chillingham close to her shoulder, and his cold, pale blue eyes fixed upon her own.

"Lady Kingswood, will you permit me the honor to escort you to a seat I have ordered to be reserved for you?" he said, in calm, even tones. "A young singing creature of great promise will make her *debut* here to-night, and I much wish to have your ladyship's opinion of her voice."

Lady Kingswood, half-suffocated, unable to utter a word, bowed her assent, and though a consuming fire raged within her breast, she smiled up into the marquis's face with an expression which made Lord Kingswood, who beheld it, involuntarily groan.

Lady Kingswood heard it. She beheld the inexpressible agony which brought the clammy drops upon her husband's forehead, and the deathly hue upon his face, and her eyes glittered in revengeful triumph.

With lips quivering under the indescribable torture he suffered, Lord Kingswood turned to Cyril, to bid him find Lady Maud, and conduct her to Lady Kingswood, but Cyril had quitted his side, and was no longer visible. He, therefore, with ill-acted indifference, followed in the direction which the Marquis of Chillingham had conducted Lady Kingswood.

As he moved off, a hand touched his. He turned as though a scorpion had stung him, but he beheld, instead of the face he had expected to behold frowning malignantly upon him, only that of Sir Harris Stanhope.

His daughter Beatrice still rested upon his arm, but her eyes were fastened upon the long folds of massive drapery behind which Violet had been borne.

"I have a word to say to you, Kingswood; will you lend me your ear for a moment?" he exclaimed, hurriedly, addressing his lordship. Then turning his face towards the spot where his son Carlton was still pouring flattering nothings into the unheeding ear of Lady Maud, he beckoned to him hastily.

Carlton approached, with Lady Maud still leaning upon his arm.

"Take charge of Beatrice for a few minutes, Carlton," he said, in a short, quick tone. "I have some little matters to speak to his lordship privately upon."

Beatrice was consigned to her brother, and Sir Harris had guided Lord Kingswood into a corner, where he was not likely to be overheard, ere a minute had elapsed.

"The boy—the boy," murmured Sir Harris Stanhope in his ear. "You saw him?"

A thousand recollections flashed through the brain of Lord Kingswood.

It was his turn now to clutch the wrist of Sir Harris Stanhope.

"The boy who passed before both of us a minute since I know. What of him?" he muttered.

"His face—his face," continued Sir Harris Stanhope. "You have not forgotten that face?"

"Stanhope, it is the face of an avenging spirit," returned Lord Kingswood, in low, solemn tones, which made the blood of the knight run cold. "An avenging spirit, Stanhope, which will glare down upon you in your death hour as terribly and as pitilessly as upon me in mine."

"No, Kingswood," returned Stanhope, with husky accents, "I have something to answer for, but not—"

"Peace, interposed Lord Kingswood, sharply; "this is neither time nor place to discuss this matter. It is enough that the earth has given up the dead; that I have been fooled, tricked, cheated, betrayed by those whom I have most trusted; you more basely than all the rest. But this I will settle with you at another time—"

"You wrong me, Kingswood," interrupted Sir Harris, with an air of wounded pride. "I hazarded much for you, Heaven knows—"

"We will leave the name of Heaven out, if you please," again interrupted Lord Kingswood. "The marriage—"

"Was a mock affair, you know," whispered Sir Harris, quickly.

"Can you prove this?" said Lord Kingswood, eagerly.

"I can," answered Sir Harris.

"Enough," ejaculated Lord Kingswood. "Do this, and you remove a mountain from my breast."

"I have already done it, Kingswood, as you know," continued Sir Harris Stanhope. "Years since—"

"Bah! you must do it now, Stanhope," interrupted Lord Kingswood. "You remember Horace Vernon?"

"Ye-es—yes," answered Sir Harris Stanhope, thoughtfully. "He has not been heard of for years."

"He passed before your very eyes a moment since," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, between his teeth. "It was he who caught that young creature as she fell swooning while walking by the side of that boy who is born to be my curse."

The breath of Sir Harris Stanhope came thick and short.

"Horace Vernon living, and here!" he ejaculated.

"Living, and burning for revenge," returned Lord Kingswood, with slow emphasis. "It is he who has suddenly produced this boy, who he insists is the heir to my title and my name. He must be met, and his dire intentions defeated. He is no less your bitter enemy, Stanhope, than mine. I know how far he can injure me; you he can utterly destroy. He has wealth and power, and he can crush you as easily as he can and will—unless we are bold as well as skillful—ruin my happiness."

The face of Sir Harris Stanhope changed to many hues. He revolved in his mind which would be most conducive to his interests, to stand by or to betray Lord Kingswood.

"I have long repented that mad, youthful folly," he involuntarily exclaimed.

"Your repentance comes late," observed Lord Kingswood, drily. "If you are not, however, firm and true to yourself and to me—to me, remember, Stanhope—you will yet more bitterly repent your weak and useless vacillation."

"Your lordship does not, surely, doubt me?" returned Sir Harris, looking furtively at him.

"I confess, after Vernon's stern asseveration to me concerning the part you played—you remember, Stanhope, played by you at your own suggestion—I lack much of the faith in you that I once possessed," rejoined Lord Kingswood.

"You have seen Vernon, then?" said Sir Harris, gnawing his finger-tips.

"Seen? Spoken with him," returned Lord Kingswood. "He has assured me that vengeance has only slumbered; it is now awakening, and when fairly aroused, all who have wronged him, or aided in wronging him—and one other—will have need to beware of a terrible retribution."

Sir Harris Stanhope uttered an exclamation of uneasiness.

"This menace bears so much weight and value as we may permit it, and no more," continued Lord Kingswood, in an almost inaudible yet earnest voice. "It is for you, Stanhope, to go back to the past, remember well each important and petty circumstance, gather together all proofs, in whatever shape or form they may exist, and stand firmly and bravely to your post. You cannot recall what has taken place, therefore be true to yourself, and to me, as I have suggested, or you are lost."

"But," urged Sir Harris, with an expression of distrust on his face—

"No more here," interposed Lord Kingswood, almost petulantly. "You must call upon me at my house. Make your own appointment, and I will attend to it. Closeted in my library, we can determine on our course; but, mind me, you must be prompt in the matter, for Vernon is already acting, aye, and he will act too with remorseless persistency and savage determination."

"You said Vernon was here; where is he?" inquired Sir Harris, with a nervous glance over his shoulder.

"That is a point, Stanhope, which has seriously disturbed me," answered Lord Kingswood. "I knew not that Chillingham was personally acquainted with him. It seems to me that they have been on terms of close friendship in years long past; yet it is strange that I, who was Vernon's first, I thought almost his only friend, should be ignorant of this. See; we attract attention. You will write to me?"

"Do not be uneasy, my lord; your official position and my diplomatic office will afford a solution to the inquisitive gaze with which we are favored," responded Sir Harris Stanhope; "nevertheless, it will be wise to separate now. Your lordship will hear from me in the morning."

"Enough!" ejaculated Lord Kingswood; "for the present, farewell."

"Farewell, my lord," returned Sir Harris, and waving his hand, quitted Lord Kingswood, to rejoin his daughter.

Beatrice Stanhope, who had been left by her father with Carlton and Lady Maud, scarcely interchanged a word with either. Lady Maud appeared to be in no mood for conversation, and her brother rattled on incessantly, without giving her a chance to make an observation, scarcely a reply, and Beatrice contented herself with keeping her eye fixed upon those massive folds of drapery which not alone concealed the entry to a private chamber, but kept hidden from her one whom she yearned again to see and to speak with.

It was something of a relief to her when her father came up, and said to her—

"Atrice, love, there is to be some singing; you would, I know, like to hear it. Lady Maud, you will, perhaps, join us. Lady Kingswood has already been escorted to a seat by the Marquis of Chillingham."

"Oh, with pleasure, I am sure," exclaimed Carlton quickly. "Lady Maud, your exquisite taste will unquestionably draw you thither, and your graciousness will extend to me the honor of escorting you. I am not too presumptuous, I hope, Lady Maud?"

Lady Maud's eyebrows slightly contracted, and she hesitated.

Beatrice did not utter a word to induce her to comply with her father's suggestion.

"Lady Maud, you will not be so cruel as to decline," chimed in Sir Harris. "I promise you you shall have a seat by the side of Lady Kingswood."

This promise seemed to decide her, and with a slight bend of assent, she accepted the proffered escort of Carlton.

"Beatrice," said Sir Harris Stanhope to his daughter, in an undertone, as he hurried her on to put some distance between her and Lady Maud, "did you see Mr. Gower to-night?"

"I did, sir. His appearance was too remarkable for it to escape me—or, I imagine, anyone present," was the reply, in a tone as low as his own.

"It was somewhat singular, certainly," rejoined Sir Harris. "Very singular, truly. By the way, Beatrice, my love, during the month or so that Mr. Gower was on a visit to Carlton, you, of course, had many opportunities of seeing him."

"Many, sir," returned Beatrice, in a somewhat faint voice.

"Did you observe his face with especial attention?" he inquired, thoughtfully.

"Sir!" ejaculated Beatrice, looking up at him with surprise.

"I mean, did you observe his features—the lineaments of his face, closely?" continued Sir Harris.

"Excuse me, sir," responded Beatrice, her face suffused with a burning blush. "What an odd remark!"

"But worthy of a reply, nevertheless!" exclaimed her father, impatiently.

"Oh, to be sure," she muttered, with some embarrassment. "I remember his features, certainly—a—quite well enough to recognize him again at any future meeting."

"You are absurdly childish, Beatrice," sharply replied Sir Harris. "I wish to know whether you observed anything in his face which made an impression upon your—your mind?"

"I thought him—handsome, if I may be permitted to acknowledge so much," she returned, in a slightly faltering tone.

"Strikingly handsome," responded Sir Harris; "but you still do not appear to comprehend my meaning. Did it occur to you that you had seen the face before, or at least one which resembled it?"

"No; unhesitatingly no," she answered.

"Think," said her father, emphatically. "You know that you offend me by inconsiderate replies."

The hue of scarlet, which a moment before had quitted the brow of Beatrice, again returned to it.

"There may," she answered, with some hesitation, "be many faces bearing in some respects resemblance to it, but none that I have seen which even approached it as a counterpart."

Sir Harris's face wore a disappointed appearance.

"You surely remember seeing it so strikingly exhibited in the park on that day on which, after riding with you, he abruptly quitted our party, to reappear in so marked a manner, even as he did to-night? Did it not either then or now remind you of one you knew well?"

"No!" she exclaimed, thoughtfully.

"Tut!" ejaculated Sir Harris, angrily. "Have your eyes been closed, girl, in the presence of Cyril Kingswood or his father?"

Beatrice uttered an exclamation of surprise, vexation, even anger.

"I do recognize the resemblance now," she muttered.

A very romantic theory of hers had been very abruptly demolished. It was true, as Carlton Stanhope had declared, that he had interested her in the history of Erle before she met him, on account of his strange isolation from all friends. When she first saw him, his face struck her as being singularly familiar to her, and as she knew that she had never before seen him in life, she jumped to the conclusion that she had seen him in her dreams—upon which belief she built up a very pretty poetical fiction. This agreeable day-dream her father dissipated by one fell swoop of the tongue.

There was certainly a remarkable resemblance between Cyril Kingswood and Mr. Gower, and this resemblance it inevitably was that led her to conceive Erle had been presented to her dreaming eyes by Fate.

It was disagreeable to be suddenly awakened out of so pleasant a conceit. Yet though it pained her, it consoled her to assure herself that the superiority of Erle's attractions over those of Cyril might fairly have prevented her making the discovery her father had done for her.

Sir Harris Stanhope, wholly unconscious of what was passing in his daughter's mind, said, hastily—

"Did you ever hear Mr. Gower speak of Lord Kingswood?"

"No, sir," she replied, readily.

"Yet I remember that Carlton said Cyril Kingswood expressed to him a great wish to see him," urged Sir Harris.

"So, I believe he did, but I think—in fact, I am sure—he did not explain to Carlton wherefore, or even what was the nature of his intimacy with him," replied Beatrice.

"Well, well, my love, Mr. Gower will visit us again," rejoined Sir Harris, patting her on the arm, "and he will be sure to pay to my pet those interesting attentions her beauty will command from an elegant young fellow like him. My little Atrice will then extract from him the nature of his relationship—or acquaintance, as the case may be—with Lord Kingswood. Strange as it may seem, the information you will elicit will be of importance to me, and may be to you, Atrice; may be to you, my love. I need not repeat this conversation. You will communicate to me at the earliest moment the information I am very anxious—mark me, very anxious—to secure; of that I am sure. See, there sits Lady Kingswood; we will make our way to her. Carlton, follow up close. My dear Lady Maud, we shall within a minute rejoin Lady Kingswood. See, there she sits."

Aye, there sat Lady Kingswood in what might have been deemed the seat of honor, if such a term can properly be applied to priority of place.

She rested in a magnificently-decorated arm-chair, one, indeed, of regal appointments, but she sat ill at ease. She saw not the elegantly-arranged orchestra for the vocalists before her; nor did she observe the glances, some satirical, some envious, some malignant, which were freely directed at her by the throng moving near and around her.

She listened not, heeded not the honied flatteries which the Marquis of Chillingham, with calm, imperturbable face, poured into her ear. She saw only the face of Erle Gower—she thought only of the words the Marquis had uttered in an undertone to her husband, "Kingswood, here is your *family secret*."

So, then, *he* knew it; perhaps all the world knew it—the whole sarcastic, sneering, unfeeling world, who held her up to scorn and ridicule—all knew it but she, who should first have known it.

Her blood bubbled, boiled, ran scalding through her veins. She bit her trembling lips—was now in a burning fever, and anon frozen to ice. Ay, no doubt as she sat there she was the object of mockery and derision to all who smiled obsequiously in her face, and laughed contemptuously at her behind her back.

With flashing eyes she turned to the Marquis, who had whispered in her ear words she had not interpreted even if she heard them.

"My lord Marquis," she said, abruptly, though in a scarcely audible tone, "you pointed out Mr. Gower to Lord Kingswood, and styled him his family secret. What did you mean by that?"

"My dear Lady Kingswood," answered the Marquis, quickly, "I trust my inadvertence has not given your ladyship any cause for any feeling—"

"My lord Marquis," she interposed in a voice rendered husky by her emotion, "you will infinitely oblige me, if you will reply to my question."

The Marquis shrugged his shoulders.

"Your ladyship will remember that Mr. Gower occupied a peculiar, and I think I am justified in saying, a somewhat mysterious position at Kingswood Hall," he rejoined.

"I am aware of that," responded Lady Kingswood, quickly, "but you spoke to Kingswood in a tone as if you were conscious that Mr. Gower was a family secret for reasons with which you were acquainted."

The Marquis remained silent, apparently admiring a brilliant ring upon one of his fingers.

"You invited Mr. Gower here to-night to meet us, my lord Marquis!" she exclaimed, turning her flashing eyes upon him.

His cold blue orbs sustained their fiery glitter unmoved.

"I assure you, Lady Kingswood, I did not," he answered.

"But you know who did, my lord?" she rejoined, quickly.

He bowed. "I am scarcely at liberty to answer that question," he said, quietly.

"I must know. Oh, my lord marquis, I am frenzied, mad, about this wretched affair," she murmured, with considerable emotion. "I must, I will know all, at any sacrifice. I will know all."

The marquis bent his head a little nearer to hers.

"I am afraid Kingswood has behaved ill to you," he whispered. "If so, he deserves no consideration, and you ought to punish him. I can ascertain everything, if your ladyship will trust in me and favor me with that meeting alone which I have prayed you to grant me. I will put you in possession of all the facts."

"I will meet you," she said, so hoarsely, that the words were scarcely distinguishable.

"I will arrange it all," he whispered, adding, as he still seemed to be inspecting the glitter of the magnificent diamond upon his finger; "Kingswood and others are coming up. Courage; do not lose your self-possession for your life."

Before Lady Kingswood could reply, Lord Kingswood, accompanied by his son Cyril and Eleanor Cotton, made their appearance. Ebenezer Cotton had seized Cyril as he was gliding from the *salon*, and led him to his daughter, with whom Lord Kingswood had found him, and the latter secured his son, that he might place him as a check upon Lady Kingswood. Cyril, dull-spirited and heart-broken, had yielded, for he lacked spirit to oppose his father's commands.

He took his place by his mother's side, and Eleanor, leaning upon his arm, looked wistfully and sadly up in his face, for she grieved to see him so cast down. She only too correctly guessed the cause.

Immediately adjoining them sat Lord Kingswood with Lady Maud at his side, and Sir Harris Stanhope with his son and daughter behind them. Spread far and wide were the guests, prepared to criticise the *debutante* and to give the singing woman the cold shade of their favor if she proved herself a marvel.

And now the voices were hushed, and the *debutante* appeared.

The heart of Cyril leaped, for as his listless eyes fell upon her, it seemed to him that Violet stood before him even as she had startled him by her presence a short time previously.

Another glance, however, told him that he had been mistaken. There was the same style of floral crown, the same description of pale-green robe, but, oh, not the same sweet, loving, innocent face.

Still, the *debutante* was young and fair and timid. It was plain she trembled where she stood, but no re-assuring sounds were heard to give her confidence.

The music played a plaintive prelude, and the young girl commenced, in a richly melodious voice, to sing. Her tones were tremulous, but every word was clear and distinct.

They rang in Cyril's ears, and beat deathblows on his heart. The first verse ran thus—

> When we two parted
>   In silence and tears,
> Half broken-hearted,
>   To sever for years,
> Pale grew thy cheek, and cold,
>   Colder thy kiss,
> How truly that hour foretold
>   Sorrow to this!

Cyril felt his heart swell and ache; blinding tears sprang into his eyes, and he seemed as if he should suffocate.

At the same time a low, convulsive sobbing close to her, startled Lady Kingswood; and she, on looking round, to her astonishment, beheld Lady Maud striving to hide a torrent of hysterical emotion.

Ere she could move to approach her, a voice—not that of the singer, but one even yet more beautifully melodious, but wild, passionate, and intensely pathetic, repeated the words—

> "Oh, how truly that hour foretold
>   Sorrow to this!"

They rang through the vaulted roof distinct, clear, forcible, and then died away, as though the tones were those of a spirit flying rapidly from the scene where they were uttered.

While yet the last faint tone, to the petrified amazement of every one present, was vibrating, Cyril started from his seat, and cried, in agonized accents—

"Violet, in life or death, mine!"

He would have made a dart towards the orchestra, but a dark figure sprang before him, seized him fiercely, and thrust him back, saying, in a low, fierce tone—

"No, nor in life, nor in death, boy!"

It was Ishmael's pale face which confronted him; Ishmael's eyes which glared in his; Ishmael's hand which thrust him back into his seat.

He fell back as if paralyzed, and in the confusion which ensued, no one saw how the tall, dark, stern man vanished.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Pharisee, the more he brooded over the appointment he had made with the tall, thin old man, the greater became his anxiety to keep it.

This mysterious personage evidently was in possession of important secrets which Pharisee considered it of importance to the success of his secret object to make himself master of. This secret object was the gratification of a mad passion he had entertained some years for Lady Kingswood.

This insane attachment had been created in his breast entirely by the splendid character of her personal attractions, and by no other qualifications, either of mind or position; for men and women of humble rank will not unfrequently love individuals above their station, simply because they are ladies or gentlemen, and for no other reason.

This was not the case with Pharisee, and therefore his love was a mere blind, unreasoning frenzy—a wild delirium, calculated to carry him into any excess, however desperate and irredeemable.

It is true that he hugged sentiments of revenge against Lord Kingswood. Servile and cringing by design and habit, he was by nature sensitive of insult; in fact, for the position he occupied, too sensitive, because he attributed to unconsidered conduct intentions which were never for an instant conceived. His shrewdness and sagacity enabled him, however, to stifle all outward sign of the anger and resentment, the harsh rebuke, the contemptuous remark, or the haughty command, flushed up into his breast, but they did not the less withhold him from looking forward to a day when he should be enabled to reap some satisfaction, deeply injurious to Lord Kingswood, but amply sufficient to glut his revenge.

His wrongs, as he considered them, stimulated him to persevere in his designs on Lady Kingswood, because, base and ferocious as were his instincts, he knew no more tremendous mode of revenging himself upon Lord Kingswood than to be able to prove to him that he had been the lover of his high-born, proud, disdainful wife.

Pharisee had great faith, not only in his own manœuvring, but in circumstances, and the complexion which a skillful coloring would give to them. But he knew that to become master of the situation, he must become master of every little incident, fact or occurrence which would tell for or against him. Therefore he was, as we have said, most anxious to renew his interview with the curious old individual he had met in Eaton Square, inasmuch as that he entertained a belief that this singular old stranger was in possession of curious facts relative to Erle Gower and the mystery which surrounded him, all of which it would be of extreme value to him to secure.

At ten o'clock, on the night on which the incidents narrated in the last chapter took place, Pharisee stood before a house on an elevated part of Gray's Mount. The light from a neighboring gas-lamp shone upon the door, and by the same light he referred to the written paper he held in his hand.

"This must be it," he mumbled, and glided up to the door.

He knocked a gentle tap at the street door, which, being unanswered, after the lapse of five minutes, he repeated with no better effect. As he only gave a single knock, and that very mildly, he came to the conclusion at the end of a quarter of an hour, that he either had not been heard, or that no person was within the house.

He therefore decided to make a louder and more forcible appeal to the knocker, for which purpose he grasped it and raised it. Ere, however, it could descend, the door was suddenly pulled open with such a vigorous display of strength, that he found himself hauled into the passage, and in violent collision with a lady.

The next moment he was seized by the lady, who, fastening upon his collar with both hands, shook him fiercely. As he had not quitted his hold of the knocker, and still held it to enable him to sustain his footing, every time she shook him he knocked at the door, and that far more loudly and rapidly than he had previously done.

Such conduct much increased the ire of the lady, and naturally the commotion, until Pharisee, by a desperate effort, released himself, and retreated to the door, closely followed by the lady, who proved to be tall, gaunt, muscular, and no mean match for one of the six-feet volunteer guard.

"I don't understand this, madam!" he exclaimed, out of breath, on the verge of the doorstep.

"Don't you?" she cried, shaking her bony fist, and wagging her hard-featured head at him; "then I'll pretty soon make you. We want none of your games here."

"My games?" echoed Pharisee, bewildered.

"Yes, your games," retorted the lady. "But I'm a match for the best of you. Come sneaking here with a single knock, at this time o'night—I know what for."

"You, ma'am—you?" cried Pharisee, excitedly. "You cannot possibly tell the nature of my errand here?"

"Can't I though," replied the *chatelaine*, with an expressive nod of the head. "Suppose I had been a child—which I don't happen to be quite—you'd have purloined every coat, hat, or small parcel within your reach; as you see it's me, you've got a begging-letter ready, but we want no such impostors here. Troop, or I'll bring a policeman to hurry you off, you low, sneaking thief, I will."

Pharisee shrieked with rage.

"Madam—woman—you are mad with drink!" he cried, utterly exasperated. "A man named Pengreep I want to see. Does he, or does he not, live here? that is all I wish to learn from you."

"Aha! of course you have the name pat enough," returned the lady of the house; "but I should like to know what *you* can want with him—yah!" She interrupted her own query by a very wild scream.

Behind her stood the tall old individual Pharisee had come to visit, and he held between the finger and thumb of his left hand a sufficient piece of the lady's arm to make her, by pressure, acquainted with his presence. In his right hand he held a lamp, with which he made a beckoning gesture to Pharisee, and at the same time sputtered rather than spoke in the lady's ear—

"Virgo, shut the door after us, and go below. I have been expecting this gentleman's visit."

Virgo leaped aside, as if she expected that Neziah Pengreep would take off the lobe of the rather fleshy appendage at the side of her head with his teeth.

Pharisee followed Pengreep, who passed along the passage and ascended the stairs, while Virgo descended to her lair beneath, prepared to refresh herself with a comforting mixture, having a strangely powerful resemblance in its fragrance to brandy, and to spring out upon any other invader of her premises not properly qualified to make an appeal to her knocker.

Pharisee was not quite so much at ease with respect to this visit, after his reception from Miss Virgo, as he was before it, and he eyed every step during his progress up the stairs with distrust; and even when old Pengreep ushered him into his *sanctum*, he looked about him with misgiving, and an evident readiness to make a bolt of it if matters continued to wear in his eyes a doubtful aspect.

The room he entered was dusty and dingy. It contained many iron boxes, with dates painted on the front of them, a table was laden with papers, while upon each dust-encrusted chair other papers were strewn in hideous confusion. It was evident that the *chatelaine* had not been recently on a scouring expedition in this apartment.

A glance showed Pharisee that the window had iron bars, and the door which admitted him was plated with iron, and swung heavily, old Pengreep being compelled to use some force to close it.

Pharisee started up to Pengreep, and laid his hand on his wrist.

"Don't trouble yourself to fasten the door," he said.

"No trouble," answered Pengreep. "Besides, if it were, it is necessary to shut it close. Little pitchers have large mouths, and little dogs have large ears. What the ears take in the mouth very often lets out. My Watch-dog—you saw her below—my Virgo, is singularly favored with the gift of acute hearing, and she not only exercises it, but she tries to improve upon it. I don't know that she talks—that is, I beg her pardon, I do know that, but I mean to say I do not know that she blabs, and I am quite sure that I will, if possible, avoid being compelled to find it out. So, if you please, we will shut the door close and fasten it too."

Pharisee saw the door fastened with a kind of sinking at the heart, but he could not help himself, and was, therefore, obliged to make the best of it.

Twice or thrice his eyes raced rapidly over the contents of the room, and it did not tend to restore his equanimity when he formed the impression that he was in a lawyer's office—a sharp practitioner's cage.

"You are a—a—lawyer, I presume?" he at length faltered.

"Slightly—slightly," responded Pengreep, with a grim smile. "My occupation is, however, mostly philanthropic. The world is divided between the rich and the poor; the poor need help, I find it for them—through a friend—then needy men come to me for money—to borrow it. I lend it for their own time—say three months—perhaps four. We agree to name a day of payment, and the borrowers put it down on a slip of paper, so that there may be no mistake; then they find a kind friend to record their name on this little slip of paper, as a kind of testimonial to the honesty of the borrower, and thus they get their money easily, and I gratify my philanthropic emotions and those of my friend."

"Do you lend this money for nothing?" inquired Pharisee, with expanded eyes.

"No—o—o—o—o—o—o!" grinned Pengreep. "Not exactly nothing—but next to nothing."

"When do you practice the law?" asked Pharisee, with surprise.

"Aha! when the borrowers don't keep their little words," returned Pengreep, still grinning. "I despise a man who don't keep his word. When the day of payment comes, if the amount lent is not paid, then I write a note, and follow it up with formal process—quite formal—a simple strip of paper, something like the other, and then— But we did not meet, Mr.—Mr. Lord Kingswood's valet. What's your name?"

"Pharisee," answered that individual, in a low, hesitating tone.

"Quite right, quite right," rejoined Pengreep, with a chuckle. "I have made the necessary inquiries, and have found them satisfactory. Your name is Pharisee, and you are Lord Kingswood's valet."

"What in the name of the devil have you been doing?" exclaimed Pharisee, starting up from a seat into which the moment previously he had reluctantly sunk.

"Be seated, my friend; nothing but what is perfectly right and proper," returned Pengreep, pushing him back into his seat. "I am accustomed to make inquiries, and always perform my task in a manner which is not likely to raise any suspicions."

"Humph!" grunted Pharisee, not altogether satisfied. "Well, I have but a short time to remain with you, as my lord is never late at these great parties. I have come to meet you by arrangement. You have told me that you are in possession of a secret of importance to Lord Kingswood. I am here to know what that is."

"And so you shall, providing that you make certain communications to me," answered Pengreep, with a cunning look.

"That is agreed," returned Pharisee; "but who is to begin?"

"You," replied Pengreep, quickly.

"What for?" asked Pharisee. "You might glean all you wished to know from me, and yet reveal nothing."

"Listen," said old Pengreep, keeping count with one forefinger upon the other. "I know the youth called Mr. Erle Gower; I know his father; I knew his mother—"

"Knew?" repeated Pharisee, incautiously.

"Did I say 'knew?'" exclaimed Pengreep, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Ho, ho! you are precise as to terms. Well, knew or know, it does not much matter."

"Oh, but it does," cried Pharisee, with excitement. "It is of the most material consequence."

"Very well," responded Pengreep, "I will grant it is of the most material consequence; we will let it rest at that, and we will go on. I know where the boy was born and when—"

"But—" interposed Pharisee.

"Now, don't interrupt me, my good friend," exclaimed Pengreep, waving his hand. "I know where he was brought up, and when he left that abode in which he was reared to visit Lord Kingswood at Kingswood Hall, the home of his—"

Pengreep suddenly stopped.

"Forefathers?" suggested Pharisee.

"By no means; I did not intend to use that word. I was about to say, when you interrupted me—the home of his—a—eh—host," returned Pengreep, drawing his hand over his mouth and down his chin.

Pharisee uttered a grunt of incredulity, but old Pengreep's eyes only twinkled; he made no other sign that he noticed Pharisee's gesture of discontent.

He proceeded—

"You see, I know a great deal that you do not, but still I wish to learn further; in short, what you know and I do not."

"If," said Pharisee, craftily, "you are prepared to sell me a certain secret, to be put in the possession of the only individual whom it can really interest, why do you want to ascertain information which cannot possibly concern you?"

"Will you do me the favor to permit me to judge of that matter for myself?" returned Pengreep, in a rather decided tone, adding, with yet more emphasis—"But we waste time; let us proceed, secret for secret. Now, as you are reluctant to begin, I will open proceedings. Mr. Gower is not Lord Kingswood's son. Why did Mr. Gower bolt from Kingswood Hall?"

"Stop, stop a moment," cried Pharisee, eagerly. "You make a bold assertion. Will you—can you prove it?"

"I can," answered Pengreep, with a significant nod of the head. "Thus: a child was certainly born to Lord Kingswood before he married the present Lady Kingswood—"

"Ha!" ejaculated Pharisee, excitedly; "you can prove that also?"

"I can," returned Pengreep.

"Was Lord Kingswood acquainted with my lady at the time?" asked Pharisee, quickly.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Pengreep, with a malicious expression on his face. "Why, man, he was at the very time betrothed to her. He was betrothed to the present Lady Kingswood, I tell you, before he even knew of the existence of the supposed mother of Mr. Erle Gower."

"That is good, that is very good, that is magnificent," muttered Pharisee, in soliloquy.

Pengreep looked up at him under his bushy eyebrows inquiringly as he heard these expressions.

"Oh, yes," he subjoined, after a moment's pause, "Lord Kingswood treated the affair as a mere intrigue, and after the birth of the child never saw the mother afterwards."

"But the child, where is it?" asked Pharisee anxiously.

"It was reported to have died years ago," answered Pengreep.

"But this Mr. Gower?" queried Pharisee, sharply.

"Aha! you go on too fast," said Pengreep. "You want to know too much for your modicum of information. Besides, don't you find this place very cold—very cold?" He shivered a little extravagantly.

"There is no fire," observed Pharisee, looking round.

"We cannot trust one when the wind is in the east, for then the smoke all rolls into the room instead of going up the chimney," rejoined Pengreep, rubbing his hands sharply. "The wind is in the east now, and it is bitter cold. What say you to a little hot spirits and water, eh, just to cheer us and thaw our tongues? Mine, I assure you, is afraid to wag, for fear of having an inch snapped off the tip by my teeth."

Pharisee assented, at the same time urging Pengreep to be quick in his movements, as his time was rapidly drawing to its limit.

From a shelf in an iron safe, which he carefully unlocked, Pengreep produced a bottle, and two sharp rings at the bell produced the "Watch-dog" from the lower regions.

"Virgo," exclaimed Pengreep, in bland tones, "some hot water for this gentleman, my good friend, and some cold for me. You will remember, Virgo, cold for me."

Virgo, with her "awful front," scanned Pharisee rather curiously as she lingered on the threshold of the door, but Pengreep jumped off the floor and came down on both feet with a crash which made Miss Virgo jump too, and scream as well.

"Quick, Virgo, quick!" he cried, fiercely, "our time is precious."

The hot and cold water were quickly produced, and the elongated spinster, with a sour expression on her face, disappeared. Pengreep mixed the ingredients, and handed a tumbler of what appeared to be brandy and water to Pharisee boiling hot. He could therefore only sip it, but in answer to an inquiry, declared it to be the finest brandy he had ever tasted.

"Now, that is liberal," said Pengreep. "I am glad to hear you say so. Now, I don't mind telling you that young Gower is the son of ——, but stay, why did he leave Kingswood Hall?"

Pharisee reflected for a moment, and then said—

"He fought a duel with one Mr. Philip Avon, shot him before he was prepared, and stabbed him in several places afterwards, though he failed to kill him. He then fled."

"Ah!" ejaculated Pengreep, "and this is the truth?"

Pharisee affirmed it with an oath.

"Now pray tell me—I only want a slight sketch of what took place previously—as far as you know."

Pharisee kept sipping his mixed spirits and water, and seemed to feel greatly improved in mind and body by its influence. He somewhat readily communicated to old Pengreep the information he had sought. He, however, still kept returning to the question of Erle Gower's parentage, which Pengreep fenced off, taunting him at the same time with his wondrous devotion to Lord Kingswood, jeering him upon possessing an attachment which over-rode sneers, rebuffs, cuffs, and curses, until, aided by the potency of the glass of hot spirits and water, replenished each time by himself, he extracted from Pharisee his acknowledgment of the hatred he bore to Lord Kingswood, and the passion he entertained for his wife, the part the Marquis of Chillingham was playing, and in fact, the whole of his past scheming and future designs. Old Pengreep, with remarkable ability, kept him, by sharp, close interrogatories, by suggestions, exclamations of enthusiasm, approval, and offers of friendship and assistance, to the work of unbosoming himself, and when he had elicited from him all that he considered it of importance to know, he suddenly ceased his labors.

He saw by the dull frown settling on Pharisee's brow, the gloomy drooping of his eyelids, and the gradual thickening of his speech, that the spirits had done their work, and then he rose with an abrupt action.

He laid his hand upon Pharisee's shoulder, and he hissed in his ear—

"Now for the secret you wish to learn. Erle Gower is not the son of Lord Kingswood, but has been foisted upon him to serve the purposes of the private revenge of one Horace Vernon, whom Lord Kingswood well knows; but the child of whom we have spoken, supposed to be dead and buried is—that fair young creature you saw enter the mansion in Eaton Square with Erle Gower—she is the daughter of Lord Kingswood."

Pharisee, with a wild cry sprung to his feet.

"The weird Lady Maud!" he cried, pressing his hands upon his temples.

"THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE!" almost shouted old Pengreep, his tall figure seeming to attain a greater altitude as he lowered over Pharisee and gazed in his face.

Pharisee tried to speak, but his face became crimsoned, his features seemed to swell, his eyeballs rolled wildly, until the white became alone visible, his head fell from side to side, and he sank back in his seat insensible.

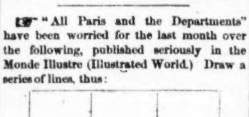
"The spirit has done its work," muttered old Pengreep, surveying him with a fiendish grin. "Now to ascertain whether he possesses any papers likely to be of value to me. Heigho! how hard I work for a poor living."

As he uttered these last few words, he knelt down, and commenced an examination of the pockets of the senseless man.

Through a hole in the jamb of the door, bored carefully by herself for the purposes of instruction and information, peered the "gimlet eye" of Miss Virgo. The Watch-dog was at her post, and she followed the movements of old Pengreep with the most careful attention.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ "All Paris and the Departments" have been worried for the last month over the following, published seriously in the Monde Illustre (Illustrated World.) Draw a series of lines, thus:



Then with three strokes of the finger, and without returning upon any line already touched, wipe them all out. All the slates, dead-walls and shop-doors of Paris are now sacrificed to this interesting exercise in mathematics.

> I THOUGHT her mine; I thought the world
>   Shone forth with joy for me;
> I did not dream in after years
>   Its folly I should see.
>
> But so it proved. I sought her hand—
>   (I really thought I'd get her)—
> But oh! alas! her answer came—
>   "Her mother wouldn't let her!"

☞ President of a Western bank rushes up to his friend; "Charley, can't you give me change for a dollar? I see the bank superintendent is in town, and I want some specie in the vault to make a show."

☞ "Eddy," said a joking young lady to her lover, "did you ever make a dress?" "No," replied Eddy, "but I have made *a dresser*." (Addresses.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR's subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and the Splendid Steel Plate Engraving, "A Merry-Making in the Olden Time,"		$3,00
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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—*Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or else sending the money by the post. The per centage that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts, is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.*

OUR BOOK OFFERS.

A number of our subscribers have availed themselves of our liberal offers relative to WEBSTER'S NEW QUARTO PICTORIAL DICTIONARY, and LIPPINCOTT'S GAZETTEER AND GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF THE WORLD. And yet our wonder is that nearly all of our readers do not avail themselves of these offers.

For five new subscribers and ten dollars, or ten new subscribers and fifteen dollars, the sender is entitled to either of these important works, the retail price of which ranges from $6,00 to $6,50! These works are valuable for a lifetime—they are not designed only to be glanced through once, and then thrown aside.

Almost any one, we should think, *in city or country*, could get five new subscribers among their friends, and thus entitle themselves to one of these admirable and costly works. It is good pay for a little labor.

A GREAT INVENTION.

It is said that a Mr. Helvetius Otto, of Leipsic, has discovered a mode of insuring fine weather—and that the Paris Academy of Science has "hailed his proposition with acclamation," and that it will soon be put to the test of experiment.

The plan is simply to erect a platform at a "considerable" height in the air, on which a huge bellows is to be placed, worked by steam. With this bellows the clouds are to be "blown away"—and of course if no clouds are allowed to approach, there can be no rain!

Admirable invention of the admirable Helvetius! We think we see his bellows puffing away at a furious North-Easter in winter, or an equally furious South-West thunder storm in summer. If there is to be a conflict between old Æolus and Mr. Otto and his bellows, we shall not bet on the latter, that is certain. We will back Æolus one to ten.

THE FLORIDA MAILS.—The mails go regularly to all points in Florida, with the exception of Pensacola. Tallahassee and Apalachicola are the distributing offices of the State. The U. S. Government has discontinued the Pensacola office, on the ground that the letters were not regularly delivered to the U. S. officers at that place. We shall send the papers of our Pensacola subscribers, hereafter, to Warrington, unless otherwise directed.

A FLOURISHING BUSINESS.

The public generally have no idea of the large amount of money which is yearly abstracted from the pockets of the "inhabitants of the rural districts," by the projectors of the bogus lottery enterprises of the day. In many of the showbills put out by these establishments, they do not even offer—that is, in so many words—to divide their jewelry and other prizes among the purchasers of their books and newspapers. They simply draw up a list of valuable articles of all sorts—generally including any number of watches, breastpins, bracelets, pianos, and even houses and farms—and let it be inferred by their silly dupes that they possess such, and mean to divide them among the holders of their tickets.

We refer in our general news to the recent arrest of a firm in this city, accused of dealings of an unfair character—the third, we believe, arrested this winter. At the examination, certain articles of jewelry found in their office were produced, and its quality sworn to by Mr. Shannon, a manufacturer. He deposed that it was *brass*, worth comparatively nothing, *some of it not even washed with gilt;* while the detective exhibited a bill for bracelets at $10 a dozen, described in the circular as "magnificent gold ladies' bracelets worth ten dollars each." The firm were held for trial in the sum of $2,000.

But so great is the gullibility of people in general, that it seems almost impossible to break up all the firms of a deceptive character. Persons that will object to giving two dollars for a good newspaper or magazine, will send that sum with pleasure to some unreliable firm, who either will send them nothing in return, or, at the best, some worthless brass trinket. And thus matters go on, to the discouragement of all honest dealers, the encouragement of sharpers, and the creation of a general sentiment of contempt for the intelligence of the masses of the people.

AN UNJUST ACT.

Certain interested parties are now endeavoring to have a bill passed through the Legislature of this State, by which Commissioners are authorized to erect public buildings in this city, at such place as they may consider best, and then tax our citizens to pay for them.

Such interference with the local affairs of Philadelphia appears to us very unjust and unrepublican. If the Legislature will pay for the buildings out of the State treasury, that is one thing—but if Philadelphia is to pay for them, our City Councils should have the whole power to say when and where such buildings should be erected, and determine their character and cost.

If the citizens of Philadelphia choose to go without any new public buildings, rather than bear the expense of erecting them, whose business is it but theirs? Why should the State step in, and interfere in a question thus entirely local in its character? We are surprised to see any representative of Philadelphia in the Legislature seeking to attain his ends in relation to the public buildings, by ignoring the rights of his fellow-citizens.

WOMAN AND HER MISSION; OR, A PLEA FOR THE HOMELESS.—A lecture on this subject will be delivered by Mrs. M. Lizzie Bell, of New York, at the Musical Fund Hall, on Tuesday evening, February 5, at 7½ o'clock, P. M. The profits of the lecture are "for the benefit of the unemployed shop-girls of New York." Tickets 25 cents.

NAHANT.

Rocks, sands and seas,
What charms hast thou but these,
Oh desolate Nahant!
Rocks, sands and seas,
Twelve grotesque cottages,
And six storm-beaten trees,
Struck all aslant!

☞ The swell of the ocean is said to be a dandy midshipman.

☞ Fisher Ames, an eminent statesman of the early period in our history, once said that "a monarchy is a merchantman which sails well, but will sometimes strike on a rock and go to the bottom; while a republic is a raft which never sinks, *but then your feet are always in water!*"

☞ LATE SUSPENSION.—Among the other effects of the present hard times, we notice the suspension of Blondin's rope walk, at Niagara Falls, and are not surprised thereat, for his business has always been conducted on a very insecure footing.

☞ A genius out West, was invited to take a game of poker, but he refused, saying, "No, I thankee. I played poker all one summer, and had to wear nankeen pants all the next winter. I have had no taste for that amusement since."

☞ EMPHASIS.—The force of emphasis in giving meaning to a sentence is well illustrated by the brief colloquy which was overheard the other day between two persons:—"Do you imagine me a scoundrel, sir?" demanded one indignantly. "No," was the reply. "I do not *imagine* you to be one."

PRESS ON! PRESS ON!

Press on! if Fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks she then exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs; press on! press on!

☞ A young lady of high accomplishments, the family being without a servant at the time, stepped to the door on the ringing of the bell, which announced a visit from one of her admirers. On entering, the beau, glancing at the harp and piano which stood in the apartment, exclaimed: "I thought I heard music—on which instrument were you performing?" "On the gridiron, sir, with the accompaniment of the frying-pan," replied she. "My mother is without a servant, and she says that I must learn to finger those instruments sooner or later, so I have this day commenced a course of lessons."

☞ An Irish gardener is described as being requested to set his master's watch by his sundial, when he forthwith "planted it in the ground close to it."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

AN OLD-WORLD GREETING—PARIS AND THE NEW YEAR—THE RAGE OF THE MOMENT—THE NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON—A QUICK-HANDED PEOPLE—A TRAGEDY SPOILED.

PARIS, Jan. 4, 1861.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

In the fine old Languedocian tongue, the language of Good King Rene and the Troubadours, in which—though now only spoken in the southwest of France, and over a comparatively limited area, the barber-poet, Jasmin, has written the admirable compositions which all who can read them in the original declare to be incomparably more beautiful than those of Lamartine, Hugo, and de Musset, *Lango Mai* is the comprehensive salutation implying that the *speaker* wishes the *speakee* every species of happiness and prosperity through a long term of years. Allow me, therefore, on taking up my goose quill to address your readers for the first time in this year of grace 1861—the first of the 660th Olympiad, 6,574th of the Julian period, 2,614th since the foundation of Rome, and 1,277th of the Hegira—to tender my cordial good wishes to the POST, its editors and its readers, and from the narrow bridge of the New Year now spanning the gulf between the Two Eternities, to bid them God speed in the picturesque and concisely-eloquent greeting that has survived the chances and changes of so many centuries,

LONGO MAI!

All Europe has been covered with a broad sheet of snow of unusual thickness. In Russia, the weather has been clear and sparkling, and the sledges have been gliding merrily all over the country, as usual at this season. In Prussia and Belgium, the cold has been intense, and sleighing also has been going on. Christmas Day, in London, was favored with a temperature 4 deg. below zero; the severest cold ever recorded in the annals of the modern Babel. Here, a few sleighs showed themselves, the Emperor setting the fashion by driving the Empress in one along the Champs Elysees. But the thaw which has now set in, and threatens to lay the country under water, has put a stop to all attempts of the kind, and wheels are again the order of the day.

The violent snow-storms and severe cold of the last ten days here have been particularly unwelcome, as the universality of gift-making on New Year's Day compels nearly all the population of Paris to go through with a vast deal of shopping, while those whose pecuniary *status* exempts from this necessity, turn out with just as much interest as their richer neighbors, to stroll through the streets and delight their eyes with a sight of all the tempting marvels displayed in such lavish abundance in the shop-windows. From the Court jewellers' down to the humblest green grocer's, every shop in the capital "puts its best foot foremost" as the New Year draws near; the Boulevards, the Rues de la Paix, de Rivoli, and the other handsomest streets of the capital, taking the lead in the race of splendid display. No holly, no evergreens figure in the windows, as in England: for Christmas Day is kept only as a religious festival, and the decorations of the shops consist exclusively of the mass of elegant and costly novelties provided to meet the demands of present-givers. Every season is distinguished by some new feature, or leading style. Four years ago, the *cachet* of the display was Russian; three years ago, Algerian and Tunisian; last year it was Byzantine; this year it is Chinese. It is to be hoped that we shall not be compelled into the adoption of Celestial robes, shoes, pigtails and chopsticks; and that our manufacturing tyrants will satisfy themselves with compelling Paris to provide itself with Chinese imitations in the shape of ear-rings, furniture, boxes, screens, fans, vases and embroidery. The confectioners, who figure at the top of the list of the most flourishing venders at this season, and whose "creations" are in demand by rich and poor, offer a surprising range of purchases, from bags of *bonbons* ornamented with gold and silver, up to elaborate boxes of every species of beautiful material—silk, satin, velvet, stamped and embossed leather, tortoise shell, carved and inlaid wood, ivory, enamels, silver, gold and precious stones. The price of these splendid "coffers," which serve as work-boxes, glove-cases and jewel-boxes, when emptied of the chocolate and sugar-plums which serve as a pretext for a costly gift, varies from ten or twenty francs to several thousands! This year all these costly boxes are ornamented *a la Chinoise*, with pictures of Mandarins and small-footed Chinese ladies, pagodas, and nondescript bridges, trees, birds and flowers.

After the confectioners come the jewellers, who have also tortured gold and jewels into forms more or less faithfully imitated from Chinese originals. The makers of false jewels—the best of which cannot be distinguished from the true, except by the use of chemical tests—tread close on the heels of the legitimate professors of the art of the Cellinis and Froment-Maurices, whom they mimic so skillfully. The dealers in the richer and more luxurious articles of drawing-room furniture come next on the list; small tables, flower-stands, writing tables, what-nots, of costly woods, ebony, thuya, &c., ornamented with carving, with paintings on porcelain, reliefs in oxydized silver, malachite, &c., with bronzes, vases, albums, &c., are always in great request at this season, and are among the most tempting objects to be seen. Chinese style and patterns are largely introduced into this class of objects; but not always with the best effect. Such, however, is the rage here just now for *Chinoiseries*, that I saw yesterday, in the show-room of one of the most fashionable upholsterers, a set of chairs covered with very old tapestry, several hundred years old, which had been hitherto consigned by its owners to the lumber-room, but which, as it represents a series of Chinese subjects, is now come out to the admiration of guests, as exceedingly "stylish."

Silks, laces, shawls, furs, are here made gifts of, as well as the innumerable variety of elegant trifles in whose production Paris is unrivalled; for the ladies of the capital fully expect to receive presents from all their gentlemen-visitors; and feel as much aggrieved at not receiving them as the majority of Englishwomen would feel at being made the subjects of indiscriminate present-making on the part of their masculine acquaintances. As most Frenchwomen "receive" one evening in the week, besides giving as many parties and balls as they can afford, they regard the New Year's presents as a compensation, on the part of the gentlemen who have frequented their receptions, drank their tea, and eaten their refreshments, for the outlay thus made by them during the year. The most discreditable stories are circulated every winter illustrative of the cupidity and indelicacy of ladies bent on making a heavy harvest out of their acquaintances of the other sex, and too large a proportion of these are true. But even allowing something for ill-natured exaggeration, the fact that they go the rounds, as regularly as the season comes, is conclusive proof of there being some foundation for the charge.

Among the principal novelties of this season are the little photographs, called, from their smallness, "visiting-cards," which may be had very cheap, and which enable an individual to bestow a likeness of himself, at small cost, on his entire circle, or to provide himself with portraits, at equally small cost, of all the kings, queens, statesmen, generals, and other notabilities of the day. Carved walnut frames, to stand over the mantelpiece, or on the cheffonnier, holding one or more of these little likenesses are *the rage* here at present. Sometimes the likenesses of a family are contained in an elegant little case of stamped morocco, whose compartments fold up like a map, occupying very little space. Thousands of these, containing the Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial, are to be seen all over the city. Still more popular than these frames are the elegant little books, blocked, and furnished with clasps, of which every leaf, and in some of them, every page forms a photograph. The cards cost a franc, or a franc and a half each. A most interesting portrait-gallery, in miniature, may thus be formed, containing one's personal friends, or the notabilities of the moment, at a comparatively trifling cost. Charming bouquets of flowers, most perfectly imitated, in china, for ornamenting vases, are also among the prettiest novelties of the moment. That enterprizing perfumer, Rimmel, of London, who has opened several shops here lately, and is flooding Paris with puffs intended to delude the Parisians into the error of supposing that his scents and pomatums are better than those of Paris, has invented a very ingenious imitation of grapes, really so like natural ones, that at a short distance, they may easily be mistaken for them. These grapes are filled with a variety of delicate perfumes, each grain in a bunch containing a different scent. They may be had in single clusters, prettily surrounded with leaves, in elegant little baskets; or in apparently full-grown vines, planted in pots, and with branches, laden with foliage and fruit, long enough to be trained across the walls of the boudoir. Singer's sewing-machines, in highly-ornate cases of rosewood, buhl, marqueterie, and bois de thuya, have also been among the most successful candidates for the favor of the gift-makers.

Mechanical toys and talking (or rather *squeaking*) dolls, are the novelties of the season for the juveniles. One marvellous doll has just been sold which can open and shut its eyes, turn its head, move its arms and legs, and say "papa" and "mamma." Dolls of this complicated character, and, of course, provided with an elegant *trousseau*, are very expensive; but little squeakers abounded, this year, at very low prices. The venders carried them piled up, in common white dinner-plates, up and down the Boulevards, deafening the ears of passers with shrill cries of "Look and see! Gentleman and ladies, talking babies for *three sous!*" and tapping one of the "babies" as they went, its barking cries kept up a perpetual accompaniment to those of doll-dealers. Beautiful "gold" watches, "with a key that winds, and hands that turn," and a glittering chain, were sold by tens of thousands at the same small figure. Complete kitchens, theatres and operas with pasteboard actors, moved by threads, and farm-yards with their usual denizens, in which by winding up a weight the milkmaid is made to milk the cow, the dog to drive the sheep, the cocks to fight, the horse to draw the cart, and the children to come out of the cottage and feed the fowls; or a picnic scene in a wood, the gay company assembled being made to move in a similar manner, are the favorite toys this year. The great repository for toys and elegant nicknacks, Giroux's, was this year honored, for the first time, by the visit of the Prince Imperial, brought by the Emperor and Empress to choose his New Year's presents for himself. The child's delight on finding himself in the midst of the enchanted region in question, is described by eyewitnesses as amusing in the extreme. The little fellow was particularly smitten by the flags, drums, guns, sabres and soldiers, and would willingly have made a clear sweep of that class of subjects. The different stories of this immense emporium are devoted to the various classes of trifles in which it deals; the lower one, containing the most elegant and costly objects for adults, the higher ones, presents for children.

The wooden stalls that are tolerated on the edge of the pavement of the principal streets, for a fortnight, at this season, made their appearance earlier than usual. They are generally put up at night, making their apparition, like mushrooms, in the course of a few hours, all along the Boulevards. This year, the Prefect has smiled on their interests much more benignly than usual, and allowed them to be knocked up by daylight. On the day before Christmas I went along the Boulevards, about ten, A. M., to see how the shops were getting on with their preparations. As I went, I observed that the army of petty dealers who show themselves only at this time, were making their appearance in crowds, carrying loads of boards, hammers, and boxes of nails, which they deposited on the spots assigned to them, and with which they immediately began the construction of their booths. In some cases, whole families had turned out to assist the father in putting up his stall, some carried rolls of paper, or strips of cotton to cover the walls as soon as these should be raised; and others had pots of paste, stools, baskets and cases of goods, and all the other items of the coming display. On my return, an hour and a half afterwards, I found the Boulevard bordered with an almost continuous line of stalls, some not yet completed, but an immense number not only finished, with the inside gaily papered, or hung with flaunting calico, but the counters covered with every variety of the multifarious objects known under the generic name of "Articles de Paris," the women, wrapped up in shawls, and their feet upon fire-boxes, perched on stools behind their counters, and already selling their wares. Nearly all the things sold in these booths—cheap cutlery, toys, buttons, purses, leather reticules, workboxes, baskets, mats, braces, hoes, shoes, slippers, false jewellery, turnery in wood, horn and ivory, cheap porcelain and glass, chimney ornaments, colored portraits, statuettes, and an infinity of other small matters, are the result of the years' work of the families who sell them. They mostly live in the garrets of the houses in the better streets, and in what are called the artisan-quarters; father, mother, children, and often from one to ten or twenty apprentices, divide the different branches of each little trade between them, and labor on throughout the year for the grand sale of the winter-holidays. The amount of the traffic carried on in these booths alone, has reached, for many years the astonishing sum of ten millions of francs; last year, it was upwards of twelve millions. A brisk sale at the epoch of the New Year means, therefore, for a large portion of the industrious and neat-fingered *ouvriers* of Paris, food and clothing, fire, and a replenished purse for the materials of the next twelve months' work; a slack New Year, want and difficulty for the same period. The sales in the shops, at this season, being much more considerable than those in the booths, the importance of this season to the trade of Paris may be easily imagined.

But though the violence of the Christmas-snowstorm, the dangerous state of the streets, which has led to a vast number of broken limbs, both of men and horses, and the alternate melting and freezing which went on through the week, are thought to have diminished the amount of the Christmas sales, on the last day of the old year, the public, who had been waiting day after day for the chance of better weather, turned out at last, and gave itself up with desperate determination to the business of shopping, despite the ankle-deep of the streets. Through the afternoon and evening, the crowd of buyers was so dense that locomotion was seriously impeded. Almost every one you met carried a parcel, large or small; porters were hurrying in every direction, and liveried footmen were busily handing bundles of every shape and size into the gay carriages drawn up in a triple line in front of the favorite shops. Some of the latter, especially among the confectioners, must have nearly emptied their stores. The run on some of the latter was such that the army of saleswomen employed could scarcely supply the crowds of impatient customers; one of the establishments most in vogue this year being that of M. Sirandin, a well-known dramatic writer, formerly a member of the Legislative Chamber, who, from motives of a pecuniary character, has recently renounced both politics and the drama, and is now devoting his energies entirely to the making of sugar-plums, in which new line he declares his determination to be without a rival. He has just brought out a novel invention, which is having an immense success, viz.: bouquets of violets, rose-buds, snow-drops, &c., perfectly imitated in sugar. The Parisiennes have all been sporting these bouquets, which they show off as an ornament during the first part of the evening, and nibble with equal satisfaction during the last.

The "midnight mass" which, in Catholic countries, celebrates the exit of the old year, and the arrival of its successor, is a very favorite bit of religious dissipation in Paris. The churches are splendidly lighted, the altars laden with gold and flowers, the music is of the choicest character, and the worshippers arrive in crowds, on their way home from the opera, the theatre, or the ball. A large proportion of the congregation in every church is made up of women; the *ouvrieres*, domestic servants, and shop-women, being as eager to assist at these imposing services as their "betters." This favorite ecclesiastical display served, this year, to usher in one of the most furious gales that has visited Paris for many years. Slates and signs and chimney-pots came down by the score; and the violence of the gusts was such, that, at times, nothing could stand against it. At Lyons, the telegraphic communications were cut off for some days; the wires being snapped on all the lines, by the mere force of the wind. On the Place Bellecour, the principal square of Lyons, people were caught up by the wind and blown along above the ground for a distance of several yards.

The *Moniteur* had given the world to undersand that the Empress would not hold her usual New Year receptions; an announcement which was greedily commented on by that portion of the public which regards her Majesty's wits as unsettled by grief for her sister's death, and apprehension of a similar fate for herself, and which attributes to her all manner of absurd projects, such as a journey to Cairo, retiring from the world and taking the veil, &c., regarding it as confirmatory of their judgment on her intellectual state. A subsequent announcement, however, informed the great world of the Court and Diplomacy, that they would be received as usual—the *Moniteur* of Wednesday gives an account of these official receptions, filling no less than six columns of that important organ. The violence of the weather prevented the grand performances of the united "musics" of the National Guard, the garrison of Paris, and the Imperial Guard, who usually give three concerts under the Emperor's windows in the Cour du Carrousel, one after the other, on the last day of the old year; the Imperial Family and the Court assisting at the performance, and graciously applauding the efforts of these accomplished musicians from windows and balconies. A distribution of money, by way of New Year's gifts, is always made to the troops at this season. The music of the various military bands being the prescribed acknowledgment of his *largesse*, on the part of the army. This year the money has been given, as usual; but the troops have been humanely allowed to omit their annual out-of-door Concert to the inhabitants of the Tuileries.

The streets of Paris being well-nigh impassable, from mud, notwithstanding the incessant efforts of the scavengers, and the expense of repairing the mud-producing macadam introduced here of late years, amounting to forty cents per square yard annually, while the old-fashioned method of pitching costs but eight and a-half cents, a strong party is urging on the municipality the desirableness of returning to the old system, which is comparatively clean and cheap. But the violent shaking of carriages on the hard pitched roads, and the noise thus occasioned, render it very desirable that some other system should be invented. The mud-nuisance, however, is now so intolerable, that some change will undoubtedly have to be made; as, in the case of the late astounding murder of M. Poinsot, in a railway-carriage, which has set half the heads in France speculating on the best method of building railway carriages and inspecting trains, and which will compel the railway-companies to introduce important modifications into their present system.

The friends of the Marquis of Downshire (?) are indignantly denying the truth of the tragical story of his having thrown the handsome young captain of his yacht into the sea, at Naples, for making surreptitious love to his daughter; and are explaining the report as having grown out of the Italians' non-understanding of the idiomatic meaning of the English expression, used by one of the Marquis's friends, in recounting the scene between the father and the lover, by remarking that as soon as the discovery of the Lieutenant's audacity was made by the Marquis, the latter "immediately *threw him overboard;*" meaning, as all Anglo-Saxons would have at once apprehended, that the Marquis dismissed the Lieutenant from his yacht and his favor without loss of time. QUANTUM.

NEW USE FOR POSTAGE STAMPS.

By the Sonora, a few days since, says a California correspondent, some two hundred of Uncle Sam's orphans arrived, and were distributed around. Some were sent to Fort Alcatra, some to the barracks at the Presidio, and the remainder were quartered at Benicia barracks, preparatory to being assigned to the different companies of the regiments in this Department. They will soon be scattered from Oregon to that most delightful post, Fort Yuma, in Arizona, a place where they have to put rocks on the roofs to keep the ends of the boards from curling over like little dogs' tails. It is a wretched place to live at, and to be ordered there is enough to make any officer resign, unless a Catholic, and acknowledges the justice of being sent to purgatory. They have a little fun even in that awful place sometimes, and an officer was telling me the other day of how he lost his postage stamps. He had sent up here for some twenty dollars' worth, and had left them on his table. Now the habits, manners and customs thereabouts are considerably on the free-and-easy style, and the Indians are allowed to roam around the garrison *ad libitum*, if they behave themselves and don't steal. On this occasion a young squaw, who had the run of the quarters, and was very much at home anywheres and everywheres, happened to stray into my friend's room, and seeing the postage stamps began to examine them with great curiosity. She discovered they would stick, if wet, and forthwith a happy idea struck her. Now the fashionable dress of the ladies of her class in that warm climate is of the briefest description. She was ambitious to dress up and excite the envy of the other Pocahontases. So she went in on the postal currency, and much to the astonishment of the garrison, made her appearance presently on the parade ground entirely covered over with postage-stamps. She was stuck all over with Benjamin Franklin, and the Father of his country was plastered all over her ladyship's glossy skin indiscriminately, regardless of dignity and decency. The "roar" that greeted her from the commanding officer down to the drummer-boys was loud enough to be heard nearly at headquarters in San Francisco, but, Indian like, she preserved her equanimity and did not seem at all disconcerted, but sailed off with the air and step of a genuine Princess, while my friend rushed into his quarters to discover himself minus his twenty dollars' worth of postage stamps, and that what was intended for the mail had been appropriated to the fe male. She might have been put in the overland coach and gone through—she certainly could not have been stopped for want of being pre-paid.

A HOAX, PROBABLY.

One evening last week, considerable excitement was caused among officials in New York, by the report that an attempt would be made to seize the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The police were collected, several regiments put under arms, and marines on alert, but no ruthless invader came. Some attribute it to a secession organization, others to the workmen at the yard, who are two months behind in their pay, others to a mere hoax. The preparations to resist continue, however. The guns of the North Carolina and five twelve-pound howitzers are placed in position to sweep the whole of Wallabout bay. The military and extra force of police, are, however, withdrawn, as no immediate attack is anticipated. One novel feature of defence consists in a great aggregation of steam boilers and engines, with which to squirt boiling water upon invaders.

☞ The upsetting of a gig was the occasion of Washington's being born in the United States; an error of a miner in sinking a well led to the discovery of Herculaneum; and a blunder in nautical adventures resulted in the discovery of the island of Madeira.

FROM WASHINGTON.

ATTEMPT TO ARREST FOR HIGH TREASON—NEW BILLS PREPARING—PRESENTMENT OF MR. FLOYD FOR MALFEASANCE, &c.

Mr. F. C. Treadwell, of New York, on Saturday, placed in the hands of Chief Justice Taney, an affidavit, charging Toombs, Cobb, Floyd, Iverson, and several Congressmen, with treason and misprision of treason.

Judge Taney refused to issue any process, and the Clerk of the Supreme Court returned the affidavit, saying that the Chief Justice had pronounced it an improper paper.

The Western Congressmen intend, as soon as Louisiana secedes, to submit a proposition for the repeal of the sugar duties.

In case the Crittenden Compromise should fail, which is now almost certain, it is said that Mr. Crittenden and others will support Mr. Adams's proposition, to admit New Mexico at once as a State, &c.

The Special Committee, to which the President's message on secession was referred, are prepared to report two bills whenever an opportunity can be had. One is to authorize the President, at his discretion, to employ all the naval and military power of the Government, including volunteers and militia, for the purpose of protecting the public property; and the other authorizing him to suspend ports of entry in States where the duties may not be collected without employing force.—The practical effect of this latter bill would be to turn the foreign commerce of all the seceding States into ports where no obstruction was offered to the revenue laws, and to compel them to obtain their supplies of foreign merchandize at second-hand. The domestic trade, which is regulated under annual licenses, would not be interfered with. In fact, this branch of business would be greatly augmented.

It is reported that some of the vessels attached to the Coast Survey have been seized by the secessionists—the steam tender Firefly and schooner Petrel, at Charleston, S. C., and the schooner Dana, at St. Augustine, on the Florida coast.

Ex-President Tyler had a long interview with the President to-day. The latter expressed his belief that there will be no collision between the Federal and State forces during the remainder of his administration, and that he should certainly make every effort to prevent it, and to preserve peace.

The House Committee on military affairs have reported a bill for the benefit of the soldiers at Fort Sumpter. It appropriates $1,150 to indemnify them for losses of musical instruments, clothing and furniture, in precipitately leaving Fort Moultrie, and such remuneration is recommended by all the officers of the former post.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—I hear, reliably, that John B. Floyd, late Secretary of War, was presented, to-day, by the grand jury of this district, for malfeasance in office, and for being accessory, with Russell and Bailey, in the abstraction of the Indian Trust Fund Bonds from the Interior Department. I hear that Bailey was presented for the larceny of the bonds, and Russell as accessory. The action of the grand jury has been limited in these cases to presentments; whether indictments are to follow depends, it is said by lawyers, on the District Attorney and Court.

CONGRESSIONAL.

The Morrell Tariff Bill was taken up in the Senate, and referred to a Special Committee of five with instructions to report back the bill next week (Wednesday.)

The Bill for the admission of Kansas, after the adoption of Mr. Fitch's judiciary amendment, passed the Senate by yeas 36, to 16 nays.

Mr. Bigler made a speech in favor of compromise, which was endorsed by Mr. Cameron, the other Senator from Pennsylvania.

Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, said that he wished to correct the impression that the Republicans had power in the Senate. It was not so. There was a majority of six against them even now, and he thought that the responsibility of action or inaction could not yet be laid on the Republican party.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES the Senate's amendment, fixing the postage on letters to and from San Francisco at the uniform rate of ten cents, whether carried by steamer or overland, was adopted. A daily overland mail was strongly advocated—question undetermined.

Messrs. Clemens, of Virginia, and Nelson and Etheridge, of Tennessee, made strong Union speeches, and against secession on Mr. Corwin's report of the Committee of Thirty-three.

In the House on the 26th, Mr. Grow (Pa.) offered a resolution that the Select Committee of five, appointed on the 7th inst., be instructed to inquire whether any secret organization, hostile to the Government of the United States, exists in the District of Columbia, and, if so, whether any officers or employees of the city of Washington or officer or employee of the Federal Government, in the Executive or Judicial Departments, are members thereof. Adopted.

MASSACHUSETTS.—A large crowd gathered at the annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society at the Tremont Temple. The Mayor closed the hall in the evening, on the ground that he feared a riot. About two hundred persons proceeded to Wendell Phillips's residence, on Essex street, and threatened to "clear him out." The police prevented any attack, and made several arrests.

A resolution was offered in the House (legislature), granting the use of the Representative Hall to the Anti-Slavery Society. A warm debate ensued, after which the resolution was lost by a vote of 136 yeas to 169 nays.

A bill was introduced empowering the Governor to place the military under the orders of the Sheriff of any county, to be used on the application of twelve citizens, for the suppression of a mob and to protect the rights of free speech. Referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

☞ According to a Polish paper, it is rumored at Warsaw that a medical student, who took part in the political demonstrations which were made while the sovereigns were in that city, expired while corporal punishment was being inflicted on him. The unhappy youth was sentenced by his judges to "paternal" (*vaterlich*) punishment.

☞ A laconic despatch was lately received by the Governor of Malta, from the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, requesting the loan of a hangman, as his services were very much required. All the expenses of his passage, as well as a proper remuneration for himself, would be defrayed by the Ionian Government.

☞ A man who assisted to empty several bottles of wine, afterwards took a walk. The pavements were quite icy, and he exclaimed, "Very sing'lar; wh when ever water freezes, it always freezes with the slippery side up."

☞ Men with a strong appetite for land, generally take it by the acre, and willingly swallow it greedily by the thousand acres.—They satisfy their appetite at last on six feet of it.

UNDER THE FIR-TREES.

A HARVEST ROMANCE.

"Ha, Marian! well met, fair maid! Where roaming this bright morn?"
The maiden, with a sigh, replies, "My Lord, to lease* the corn."
Her hair with blossoms wild bedeck'd, her cheek with blushes dyed,
She stands a very queen of flowers, yet downcast as a bride.

"Come, Marian, my love, with me; nay, why so bashful now?
This scorching sun will deeply tinge the whiteness of thy brow;
The coarse, harsh stubble of the fields those little hands will spoil;
My village beauty was not born to suffer heat and toil.

"Come, fairest, come, why linger still? Such rude employment leave;
Beneath the fir-trees' welcome shade, we'll wander as at eve.
Have you that happy hour forgot—my murmur'd vows and sighs?
Dear Marian, turn, and let me read my answer in thine eyes!"

Fair Marian at his bidding turns; they pace beneath the trees,
Whose tall and tender columns wave and mutter with each breeze.
But those sweet eyes are filled with tears, the blush forsakes her cheek.
"What is it troubles Marian so? Speak, little maiden, speak."

But Marian, resting on a bank, looks down and thinks awhile;
The handsome noble, lounging near, looks on with careless smile.
No sound disturbs the solitude but labor's distant hum;
Impatiently at last he cries, "My sweetest, art thou dumb?"

Then, hands clasped loosely round his arm, upturn'd her pretty face,
Fair Marian says with earnest air, yet full of modest grace,
"The words you whisper'd me last night, and once we met before,
Were best unsaid—must be forgot—and we must meet no more.

"Nay, hear me, while I tell you how, in listening to those vows,
With joyful heart methought I heard the waving fir-tree boughs
Say, as the soft wind through them sang, 'Such fond words must be true.
Ah! happy, happy Marian! he loves and loves but you!'

"We parted—homeward went your steps, but mine here linger'd still,
Lest other eyes should guess what hopes my flutt'ring bosom fill;
But as I mused, another song the trees sang in mine ear—
Ah, simple, simple Marian! Doubt, maiden, doubt and fear!'

"Then asked I of my sinking heart—Can such change be in life?
The daughter of the laboring man become the noble's wife?
Inured to earn my daily bread, the child of want and care,
Can such as I the gems of wealth be ever meant to wear?

"Then asked I once again my heart—But could my lord mean guile?
Would one so great as he deceive poor Marian with a smile?
The untarnish'd honor of his house, his name be all forgot?"
So mournfully the branches waved, I trembling fled the spot!

"And through the long and wakeful night still sounded in mine ear
The soughing of those fir-tree boughs—'Doubt, maiden, doubt and fear!'
My lord, I have no more to tell, my inmost thought you know."
But now her falt'ring voice in vain essays to bid him go.

The young man listened with his head bent down upon his breast.
He answered,—"Little friend, forgive this sad and sorry jest;
In seeing you so beautiful, I have been much to blame,
For trifling with so pure a heart, regardless of your fame!"

Bending yet lower, that fair face he once more looks upon.
"Forgive—forget me, Marian." One kiss, and he is gone!
Faintly, more faintly falls his step—it dies in far-off grove,
And with it fades the maiden's dream, her first sweet dream of love.

Up, up, there is no longer time here grievingly to stay;
For in the fields ask many tongues, "Where Marian is to-day?"
The griefs and cares of poverty must workfully be borne;
But Marian's tears fall thick and fast, while leasing in the corn.

LOUISA CROW.

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*Glean.

HOME COURTESIES.—A Correspondent gives us this experience:—"I am one of those whose lot in life has been to go out into an unfriendly world at an early age; and of nearly twenty families in which I made my home in the course of about nine years, there were only three or four that could be properly designated as happy families, and the source of trouble was not so much the lack of love as lack of care to manifest it." The closing words of this sentence give us the fruitful source of family alienations, of heart-aches innumerable, of sad faces and gloomy home-circles. "Not so much the lack of love as lack of care to manifest it." What a world of misery is suggested by this brief remark! Not over three or four happy homes in twenty, and the cause so manifest, and so easily remedied! Ah, in the "small, sweet courtesies of life," what power resides! In a look, a word, a tone, how much of happiness or disquietude may be communicated. Think of it, reader, and take the lesson home with you.

☞ "Mother," exclaimed a little poet of four summers, "listen to the wind making music for the leaves to dance by."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH;

OR,

THE SEARCH AFTER EL DORADO.

BY LIEUT. WARNEFORD, R. N.

I do not think there can be found a more affecting romance of reality, than in the pages which record the hero-life, the hero-death of that great sea-captain, charming poet, and unquailing martyr, Sir Walter Raligh, sent to the scaffold by the meanest, most cowardly pedant that ever dishonored a throne—James the First. To have fawned upon the hand red with the blood of his own mother, Mary Queen of Scots, would seem to be the acme of infamy; and yet it may be confidently assumed that nothing in his shameful life more amply earned the scorn of humanity than the judicial murder of Raleigh.

Of course I do not attempt in these pages to sketch the barest outline of a varied life in which, after precocious maturity, there was scarcely a month without a deed to crown it. That which I can do is to select its perhaps most illustrative phase—Sir Walter's passionate, persistent endeavor to realize the dazzling dream of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—I may add the eighteenth, till full half its sands were run out. That dream was of a vast, auriferous region, called Guiana, situate between the Amazon and Orinoco rivers of South America, the rocks of which were said to be so thickly impregnated with gold that the rich veins, cropping out upon the surface, dazzled the beholders. The very houses in Manos, the capital of El Dorado, a city built in the centre of the Lake Parimo, were said to be covered with thick plates of gold. Numerous collateral fictions, in connection with the golden land, were widely circulated, one of which was, that upon the final conquest of Peru by the Spaniards, a brother of the last reigning Incas had fled with vast numbers of his people to Guiana, and that, to guard against the possibility of the country being discovered and subjugated by the conquerors, no one was permitted to leave the golden region.

There was some slight foundation for this fable, or aggregation of fables. Humboldt writes that when near the sources of the Orinoco he heard constantly of El Dorado, the Lake Parimo, and the ruins of Manos, its capital. "In a river called Parimo," the great German traveller goes on to say, "and a small lake connected with it, occasionally swollen by inundations, there is basis enough for the belief in the great lake; in the islets and rocks of mica and talc, which rise up and crowd the latter, reflecting from their shining surfaces the rays of an ardent sun, we have materials enough to form that gorgeous capital, whose temples and houses were overlaid with plates of beaten gold. One may judge of the brilliancy of their deceptive appearance from learning that the natives ascribe the lustre of the Magellanic clouds, or nebulæ of the southern hemisphere, to the bright reflection produced by them."

The El Dorado fiction obtained almost universal acceptance, and cost Europe thousands of lives, sacrificed in vain efforts to reach the golden territory. The mighty mind of Milton lent it credence. When the Archangel Michael showed Adam the southern hemisphere, the poet says:

> "In spirit, perhaps, he also saw
> Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezuma,
> And yet unspoiled Guiana, whose great city,
> Granada's sons call El Dorado."

To Raleigh it was an incontestable verity—a verity to which his poetic temperament, the privilege of which it is to clothe the palpable and the familiar with golden exhalations of the dawn, lent superadded lustre, and prompted exaggerations that apparently laid him open to the charge of wilful misrepresentation by such slow-pulsed men as Hume and Gibbon. That Sir Walter Raleigh sincerely believed in El Dorado is abundantly proved, let his detractors cant as they may, by the toils and perils he confronted, the numerous sacrifices he made in the hope and expectation of realizing the intoxicating dream; ay, and his faith in its existence glowed as brightly in his breast when he ascended the scaffold, to which that dream had led him, as on the 6th of February, 1595, when, being then in his fortieth year, he sailed from Plymouth to seize the prize which he imagined the Spaniard had, through folly and incapacity, happily missed.

The hey-day of life was past for the brilliant courtier, dauntless mariner, and clear-sighted political economist. Sir Walter Raleigh had done enough, more than enough, for fame (Ben Jonson spitefully remarks that he cared more for fame than conscience); but El Dorado, glittering with intensest lustre in his imagination, as the shadows of the night, in which no man can work, began to gather round him, was still undiscovered, though the search after it was more eagerly pushed than ever. Philip Von Hute, a German adventurer, published a pamphlet, in which he asserted that he had been only prevented by large bodies of furious Indians from reaching a city whose roofs shone with gold. It was rumored, too, that Antonio de Berrio, the Spanish Governor of Trinidad, had sent his camp-master, one Domingo de Vera, to Spain to raise men and money for the prosecution of the enterprise, and that great enthusiasm prevailed on the subject in Madrid and other populous Spanish cities.

There was no time to lose, and Raleigh pushed his preparations with characteristic energy. He even persuaded Lord Robert Cecil and the Lord High Admiral Howard to take large shares in the venture. First, however, Sir Walter despatched a Captain Whyddin to make exact inquiries at Trinidad.—Whyddin's report was extremely favorable. De Berrio, who professed to have peculiar means of information, was an enthusiastic believer in El Dorado, and openly boasted that he would before long add a treasure territory to the dominions of Spain, compared with which Peru and Mexico would be deemed almost valueless.

The wish to humble Spain was a passion with Raleigh, and he ever had manifested great anxiety to extend the sphere of British commerce. His position at court had become precarious. His first patron, the Earl of Leicester, had introduced Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, for the express purpose of rivalling him in the royal favor—with what signal success is well known. Then Elizabeth was growing old, and the time could not be far distant when the Stuart, from whom Raleigh had no favor to expect, would ascend the English throne. These considerations, combined with his ardent craving after riches—an infirmity of many noble minds, eloquently as he wrote and discoursed of the corrupting influence of gold—were so many spurs to unpausing exertion, and all difficulties being at last overcome, Sir Walter sailed with five ships from Plymouth, on the 6th of February, 1595, for Trinidad, touching on his way at Teneriffe.

The ships were dispersed by a violent storm, and Raleigh arrived at Port of Spain, Trinidad, with only his own vessel. Part of his squadron reached the island before him. He found a Spanish force posted at the landing-place; but they seemed desirous to trade and enter into terms of peace, more from doubt of their own strength than friendliness. From some, who came on board to buy linen, and whom he entertained with good cheer, Raleigh soon learned all they knew or had heard reported of El Dorado.

"These poor soldiers," he says, "having been many years without wine, a few draughts made them merry, in which mood they vaunted of Guiana, and of the riches thereof, and all they knew of the bays and passages, myself seeming to propose nothing less than the entrance and discovery thereof; but bred in them an opinion that I was bound out for relief of those English whom I had planted in Virginia, whereof the fruit was come among them."

The Spanish soldiers paid dearly for their wine and brief merriment. The distance to Guiana was said to be some five or six hundred miles up the Orinoco, which river could only be ascended in small boats, "and as leaving ships, at such a distance, and a garrison in his back interested in the same enterprise, who also daily expected supplies from Spain, would have savored much of the ass," Sir Walter determined to attack and destroy the garrison. This was promptly done, and St. Joseph, a city which De Berrio had recently built, was captured and burnt.

De Berrio himself was taken on board Raleigh's ship. This was a remarkable interview. Two men were brought face to face from two distant hostile countries, both ardent competitors for a golden kingdom, of which neither had obtained the most distant glimpse, and which neither could hope to reach without encountering the most frightful perils that try the strength and menace the life of man. The actors were real, in thorough, downright earnest. The prize for which they contended—illusory—unreal!

"Finding the Governor to be very valiant and liberal," remarks Sir Walter, with quiet irony, "and of great assuredness and a great heart, I used him according to his estate in all things, and gathered from him as much of Guiana as he knew."

Fully believing that his captor's destination was Virginia, the garrulous Governor readily imparted all the knowledge he had acquired during a former expedition, and his plans for the prosecution of a second attempt as soon as Domingo de Vera returned from Spain with men and money. He also showed Raleigh the copy of a declaration, made by one Martinez, who served under Diego de Ordaz, in his first attempt to ascend the Orinoco, which stated that having been made prisoner by the Guinaians, he was by them carried to Manoa, where he remained several years, and was then conducted blindfold to the borders, that he might not be able to disclose the approach to the gold country.

Having heard all the Governor had to say, Sir Walter threw off the mask, and informed his astonished prisoner "that he also was in quest of El Dorado; and much comforted by the information he had just obtained, doubted not, with God's help, to reach it. Whereupon De Berrio was stricken into a great melancholy and sadness, and used all the arguments he could to dissuade me from the undertaking; and also assured the gentlemen of my company that it would be labor lost, and that they would suffer many miseries if they proceeded."

A warning from heaven would hardly have dissuaded Sir Walter from the enterprize, and as soon as boats, sufficient to carry one hundred men and provisions for a month, were ready, the English gold-seekers set out upon their voyage upon the mighty river which reaches the ocean by numerous minor rivers, at a great distance from its main stream, and the navigation of which was totally unknown to them, the first Englishmen that ever sailed upon the Orinoco.

Of that voyage I have not space for the merest outline. According to Humboldt, Raleigh sailed about sixty leagues up the river, alternately under a burning sun and torrents of drenching rain. After about a month's toil and severe privation, the rapid and terrific rise of the river compelled Sir Walter to turn his back on El Dorado, and regain his ships with all speed; a task of much difficulty and danger, owing to the continued rise of the turbid waters and his total ignorance of the navigation. At last they reached the ships in safety, "than which there could be no more joyful occasion."

Soon after his return to England, Sir Walter Raleigh published a history of his voyage, entitled, "The discovery of the large, rich and beautiful Empire of Guiana." It is written in his usual bold, ornate style. The riches of the natives, the fertility of the soil, and the salubrity of the climate, are painted in glowing colors. The belief in the illimitable wealth of El Dorado was strongly iterated, and his determination to fit out another expedition distinctly announced.

"Weak policy," he says, "it would be in me either to betray myself or my country with imaginative fables, neither am I so far in love with watchings, care, peril, disease, bad fare, and other mischiefs that accompany such voyages, to woo myself again into one of them, were I not assured that the sun covereth not so many riches in any other part of the world. * * * *
For the rest which myself have seen, I will promise these things that follow, and know be true. Those that are desirous to discover and see many nations may be satisfied with this river (Orinoco), which brought forth so many arms and branches leading to several countries. The common soldier shall here fight for gold, and pay himself, instead of pence, with plates of gold half-a-foot broad; whereas he breaketh his bones in other wars for provender and penury. Their commanders and chieftains, that shoot at honor and abundance, shall find there more rich and beautiful cities, more temples adorned with golden images, more sepulchres filled with treasure, than Cortez found in Mexico, or Pizarro in Peru; and the shining glories of the conquest will eclipse all those far extended beams of the Spanish nation."

The book contains many absurd statements, which Raleigh took upon hearsay, such as the tribe of Amazon warriors, with eyes in their shoulders, and mouths in their breasts. Such a belief appears impossible to men instructed by science, and guided by the experience of the present time; but in those days, nothing reported of the New World was thought to be incredible. A belief was prevalent that there was a fountain in South America, bathed in which, age and ugliness became youth and beauty. Humboldt relates that he met with an Indian, who declared he had himself seen a tribe with eyes in the shoulders, and mouths in the breast. And Indian Henry, the son of a Guianian chief, whom Raleigh brought home to be educated, declared that those people had slain many hundreds of his father's people.

After the accession of James, the life of Raleigh was one continuous persecution. He was accused of complicity in a plot to depose the King in favor of the Lady Arabella Stuart, daughter of the Earl of Lennox, the King's uncle, and though the evidence was miserably inconclusive, convicted and sentenced to die the death of a traitor. Reprieved during the King's pleasure, he was kept a close prisoner in the Tower for thirteen years, during which he wrote his valuable, though unfinished, "History of the World." "The court," said Bishop Hall, "had Raleigh's youthful and freer years, the Tower his latter age. The Tower reformed the courtier in him, and produced those worthy monuments of art and industry, which we should have in vain expected from his freedom."

The Bishop spoke thus out of hope and charity, rather than his judgment. The courtier had not been effectually exorcised in Raleigh by the consuming agony of thirteen years' confinement, within stone walls, of one to whom adventure was the essence of life,—the stormy sea-way to the marvels and mysteries of the New World, his cradling place of rest. The fire of the old Adam still burnt fiercely at his heart, and it was not till another unsuccessful attempt to reach the goal of his life had been made—not till all hope of realizing his ambitious dreams had passed away, that the soul-stifling encrustations of court life, court jealousies and meannesses fell off, and revealed the native nobleness, the real grandeur of the MAN.

At last James was induced to give Raleigh one more chance of discovering and annexing "El Dorado" to the English crown. The prisoner's liberation was brought about first by the longing of James himself to obtain a royal share of the enormous wealth still promised by Raleigh with all the confidence of conviction. Secondly, by a bribe of fifteen hundred pounds, given to Sir Edward Villiers and Sir W. St. John, uncles of the new favorite, Buckingham. Raleigh was released from the Tower, and permitted, under strict surveillance, to procure subscriptions, and equip a fleet of seven sail. The *Destiny*, 36 guns, Sir Walter's flag-ship, commanded by his eldest son; the *Jason*, 25 guns, Captain Pennington; the *Thunder*, 20 guns, Captain Sir M. St. Leger; the *Encounter*, 17 guns, Captain Hastings; the *Flying Shield*, 14 guns, Captain Dudley: the two other men-of-war carried respectively six and three guns.

The understanding, if we may believe James's subsequent declaration, was that Raleigh should succeed, or return to his confinement in the Tower. Sir Walter Raleigh himself was desirous of obtaining a formal pardon under the Great Seal, but Lord Bacon dissuaded him from it, his commission from the Sovereign being, according to his lordship, a virtual pardon to all intents and purposes.

The King of Spain was naturally alarmed by the fitting out of such an armament, to be placed under the command of the ablest sea officer in England (Drake, Hawkins, Grenville, were long since dead), and his Catholic Majesty remonstrated with James, through his ambassador, Gondomar. The English monarch explained that Raleigh had strict orders not to attack or molest any Spanish settlement in the New World. This was a shameless falsehood, James, of course, well knowing that Raleigh's destination was the Orinoco. "Oh, but," says Hume and other apologists of James, "Raleigh assured the King that there were no Spaniards, or Spanish settlements, on the Orinoco." And the elder Disraeli's "second Solomon" is said to have believed that assertion. Much more incredible than El Dorado itself, that he should have done so after the publication of Raleigh's book, reciting his proceedings against Spaniards, in that particular portion of South America; and when the disastrous details of De Berrio's second voyage up the Orinoco in quest of the Promised Land, after the return of Domingo de Vera from Spain with ample supplies of men and money (Madrid alone contributed eighty thousand ducats), were familiar to the ear of Europe.

I may here pause a moment to state, that Bancroft, the historian of America, asserts that Caribs dwelling near the Orinoco still preserve the tradition of an English Chief who once came amongst them, promised to return and help them against the Spaniards, and that they still possess an English flag, which he left with them, that might distinguish his countrymen.

The expedition under the command of Admiral Sir Walter Raleigh reached the Orinoco about the middle of November, 1617. The Admiral was himself too ill to engage in active service, and an exploring party of two hundred and fifty men, under the command of his son, Captain Walter Raleigh, and Captain Keymes, was sent on. The men were disembarked at St. Thomas, which, after a sharp fight, they captured and set on fire. Captain Walter Raleigh was slain. "Advancing before the rest," says a Spanish chronicler, "with loud shouts of 'Victory!' Captain Geronimo de Quesada dealt him a sword-stroke on the left side of the neck, which sent the heretic to hear the cry echoed in hell." Keymes remained in the neighborhood for about twenty days, vainly searching for a gold mine: then re-embarked his forces, and returned to the Admiral, who, overwhelmed by the death of his son, and the failure of his hopes, reproached him bitterly; "which unable to bear, Keymes withdrew, and slew himself."

The expedition was at an end, as regarded its ostensible object; but so distraught in mind had Raleigh become, that he would have made an attempt to capture the Spanish Plate fleet, but that his captains and crews demurred, mutinied, and brought him back a close prisoner to England. He was arrested immediately on his arrival, and recommitted to the Tower. His passage thence to Tower Hill was a brief one. He had not only failed to realize his golden promises, but had embroiled pusillanimous James with the Spanish monarch. It was determined to sacrifice him; but as in the actual state of public opinion it would have been dangerous to arraign him for "Piracy"—the capture of St. Thomas being so denounced by the court parasites—final resolve arrived at was to execute the iniquitous sentence passed upon him at Winchester, and under which he had suffered thirteen years imprisonment.

Nothing in Sir Walter Raleigh's life, teeming as that life did with great deeds, became him like his leaving it. In that supreme hour shone forth the grandeur of his mighty soul. "When," wrote the divine who attended him, "I began to encourage him against the fear of death, he made so light of it, that I wondered at him. When I told him that the dear servants of God in better causes than his had shrunk back and trembled a little, he denied it not, but gave God thanks that he never feared death, and much less then, for it was but an opinion and imagination; and as to the manner of it, though to others it might seem grievous, yet he had rather die so, than of a burning fever."

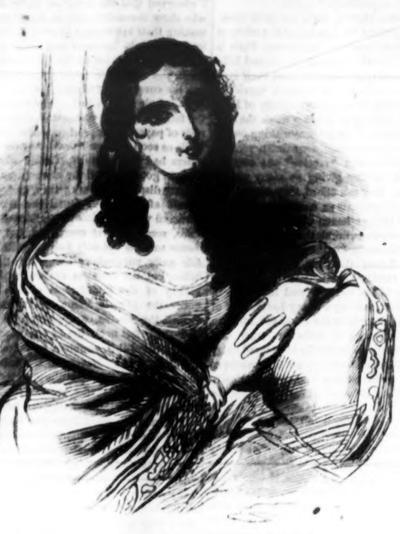
His demeanor on the scaffold showed that these were no vain words. Feeling the edge of the axe, he remarked, with a smile, that it was a sharp remedy, but a sure one for all diseases. Having laid his head on the block, and the executioner seeming to hesitate in the performance of his terrible task, Raleigh exclaimed, "Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!"

That Sir Walter Raleigh was basely sacrificed to appease the resentment of the King of Spain, the following extract of a despatch, which not long since came to light—addressed to the English ambassador at Madrid, is conclusive proof:—

"Let them know how able a man Sir Walter Raleigh was to have done his Majesty service, if he should have been pleased to employ him. Yet to give them content, he hath not spared him, when by preserving him he might have given great satisfaction to his subjects, and had at his command as useful a man as ever served any prince in Christendom."

During the night previous to his execution, Sir Walter Raleigh penned the following lines:—

> "Even such is Time, who takes in Trust,
> Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
> And pays us but with earth and dust;
> Who in the dark and silent grave,
> When we have wandered all our ways,
> Shuts up the story of our days.
> But from that earth, that grave, that dust,
> The Lord will raise me up, I trust."



THE COUNTESS DELLA TORRE,

THE ITALIAN HEROINE.

[The following interesting communication, together with the sketch which enables us to present the above portrait to our readers, was received by Reynolds's Miscellany, from a correspondent serving as a volunteer in Garibaldi's army. The Engineer Captain of whom he speaks is a French gentleman in the same service.]

A Captain of Engineers of the name of Theodore Fix, and with whom I had contracted a friendship, was seriously wounded by musket-balls in the fight of the 1st of October, while repulsing the enemy at St. Angelo. I heard that he was at Caserta, at the Palazzo Monti; and I called to see him. The Monti palace is the finest mansion at Caserta, with the exception of the royal habitation. I was conducted through several large rooms till I reached the chamber occupied by my unfortunate friend, whom I found stretched upon a bed awaiting the dressing of his wound. It was late in the evening. One soldier attendant held a lamp, while a second spread out the necessary bandages on the table. Some one was evidently expected: I naturally concluded it must be a surgeon. Suddenly we heard a noise in the ante-chamber: the sound resembled the clatter of a sabre. The door opened, and a lady entered, who looked very much as if she was costumed after the fashion of a celebrated statuette of Joan of Arc. She wore a kind of tunic reaching to the knee, and over all a drapery like the robe of the Roman dames of old, which was capable of being wrapped around the person in fifty different ways. The sabre that had announced her approach trailed upon the ground. And, to conclude, this eccentric personage was eminently handsome.

She walked quickly up to the bed, smiling, and proceeded to dress my poor friend's wounds in the most business-like way possible. Her task of charity concluded, she addressed a few words of kindly condolence to the patient, and having ascertained that he was in want of nothing, she left the room as calmly as I had entered it. It would be superfluous to describe my utter astonishment. "Who on earth is that extraordinary person?" I demanded of my wounded friend. "What!" said he, "have you never heard of the romantic Countess Della Torre?" My wounds give me too much pain at present for me to enter into a conversation of any length, or I would tell you all her history. I will merely inform you now that she dresses the wounds of the Garibaldian soldiers at all the hospitals irrespective of rank, with the same solicitude with which she attends upon those whom she receives into her own house—as in my own case."

I need hardly add that the Palazzo Monti belongs to the Countess; but I was not aware of the fact until it was thus mentioned to me by Captain Fix. The Countess is now about thirty-five years of age, with a countenance that expresses amiability and softness rather than any Amazonian qualities. Nevertheless she bore her own share in the battle of Caserta, and killed two Neapolitans with her pistols. She is a widow, very rich, and of unimpeachable character.

The sketch accompanying this communication is taken from a fine portrait of the Countess in the Palazzo, and which was painted about seven years ago, when she was under thirty.

QUESTIONS FIRST ASKED OF STRANGERS.—The first question asked about a stranger when he enters a room, varies according to the country in which he happens to be. In France, it is, "Is he received at Court?" In England, "How much has he a-year?" In Holland, "Is he solvent?" And in Germany, "Is he of gentle blood?" The German question runs, "Ist er stiftmassig?" *i. e.* "Is he capable of being elected a canon?" which, in some establishments, would require the stranger to be able to show noble descent for sixteen generations on both his father's and mother's side.

☞ There are men who may be called "martyrs of good health;" not content with being well, they are always wishing to be better, until they doctor themselves into being confirmed invalids, and die ultimately, you may say, of too much health.

WHAT?

She was working a slipper; but she didn't like *that*;
She sang a little melody, *that* wouldn't do;
She tried to read a little, then she played with the cat,
And then commenced a note—"Dearest, Why didn't you—?"
And then she tore it up, and then tried to keep still
And watch the spent sun till he dropped behind the hill.

He was reading a novel, but he didn't like *that*,
So he took down his fishing rod, *that* wouldn't do;
Then he whistled to his dog, then he put on his hat,
And *then* commenced a note—"Dearest, Why didn't you—?"
And then he tore it up, and then tried to keep still
And watch the spent sun till he dropped behind the hill.

The sun dropped out of sight, and she walked up the lane;
He too, quite by chance, of course, came that way;
So they met, and they stopped: not a look would either deign;
Then he said—nothing, and naught had she to say.
At last he look'd up at her, and she look'd up too—
"Why *didn't you*—dearest?"—"Dearest, why didn't *you*—?"

W. H. BOUGHTON.

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,

AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

Arthur.—"Oh save me, Herbert, save me. My eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.—*Shakspeare.*

Dark and gloomy beyond description, was the narrow passage room in which Beatrice now found herself.

The close, sickening air, heavy with the ill odors of ages, gave a misty, spirit-like aspect to the long, flaming candle, the light of which, penetrating the aperture, had guided the intruder to this private way, and now threw its pale rays full upon the phantom figure, which, gliding noiselessly forward unconscious of being followed, paused irresolutely after a few steps, and then stopped.

The snowy garments quivered as in a gust of wind; then, with an impatient gesture, were cast aside, revealing the tall, dark form of a man to the gaze of the young heiress.

With an involuntary cry, Beatrice unconsciously drew the panel towards her—and, ere she was aware of the consequences of the act, the concealed door, freed from the pressure which had held it open, closed with a sharp "click," and the way of escape was closed forever.

Alarmed by the sound, the man turned suddenly, stood for an instant in amazement, then, with rapid strides, gained the girl's side, seized her arm, and dragged her fiercely into the light, which, falling upon his own features, betrayed to Beatrice the hateful countenance of Orsini's Italian valet, Pietro.

Dismayed, rather than terrified, she tried to draw back, but he grasped her so tightly, that the merciless fingers almost buried themselves in her tender flesh; and when at last, awakened to a full sense of the horrors of her situation, she cowered and shrank away, her captor bent down, and hissed triumphantly in her ear,

"Ho, ho, fair lady! caught and caged at last!"

"Release me!—release me!" she screamed aloud, writhing in his hold; then, raising her voice frantically, "George, George! help me, help me!"

"That's more than he can do, pretty dove. He's in safe keeping himself—caught as well as you. Young birds are easily trapped."

"No, no! I do not believe it! He is safe, and so am I! You *dare* not hurt us."

"Ha, ha, ha! I'd advise you not to trust too much to that,"—and the ruffian laughed derisively—"or you may be disappointed. I *dare* do just whatever pleases me!"

"Yes; but what have I ever done to *dis*please you?—what have I done to harm you?"

"Nothing; though I owe you no thanks for that. You've tried."

"I?"

"Yes, you, pretty Miss Innocence—you!"

"How?"

"By setting watch upon me and my movements. It might have done mischief, only I was too keen for you; but your will was good to ruin me, and I don't forget it."

"You are wrong—you are wrong. I never watched you!"

"It is false—false as your fair face and mock innocence!"

"It is true!"

And, with a sudden effort, she released herself from her detainer's hand, and, drawing the dark shawl tightly round her shoulders, stood proudly erect.

"By St. Margaret! you lord it bravely, madam! Do you remember you are in my power?"

"No!"

"Ah!" with an oath, "do you defy me?"

"No!"

"Will you obey me, then?"

"No!"

This last negative was even more emphatic than those which had preceded it; and Pietro, fearfully exasperated, seized his captive more harshly than before, and shook her frail, helpless figure, until the long raven hair, released from its confinement, rolled in massy curls round her face and neck.

Diverted for a moment from his cruel purpose by the vision of perfect loveliness which the fair girl now presented, the Italian relaxed his grasp slightly, saying, a little less brutally,

"Come, be wise! Promise obedience to my commands, and you shall go back as you came, safe and free."

"Never!"

"Have a care; I shall not repeat the offer."

"I would not accept it if you did. What! do you think that for a cowardly fear for my life, and a hope that may never be realized, I will consent to be your slave? Never!"

"Fool! then take the consequences!"

And with the words, the barrel of a pistol gleamed before her eyes.

Beatrice must have been more or less than woman, if she had not quailed when she found herself thus, for the second time within twenty-four hours, brought face to face with death. But it was only for an instant; the next, and with the calmness of despair, she drew up her lithe form to its utmost height, and said, bravely,

"Shoot, if you dare!"

"Not here—not now—not *yet!*" was the reply, uttered with such sneering, significant emphasis, as made the listener's heart grow sick and faint. "You have something to do and to see first. Come!"

"No; I will not stir a step! If I must die, it shall be here! I am ready!"

Again a momentary compunction softened the man's hard soul; and Beatrice, perceiving it, clasped her hands beseechingly, crying, in a piteous voice,

"But why would you kill me?—what have I done? Oh, be merciful—forgive me any offence I have unwittingly committed—and let me go!"

"To report this night's work, and all the fine fancies you will conjure up from it, to betray and bring me to the scaffold! A pretty idea!"

"Oh, no, no! How could I?"

"By lying—inventing what you did not know."

"And do you think so meanly of me?"

"Of you and all your false treacherous sex, who will say anything to gain their ends, and deny it the next moment if it serves their purpose. No! Safety is in my own power now, and I should be a fool indeed, to endanger it!"

"But you will not. I cannot harm you even if I would, for I know nothing. Besides, I will promise—swear—"

"And break your oaths on the first opportunity. I cannot trust you!"

"You may—indeed, you may!"

"Well, then"—with an insolent leer—"suppose I consent, but upon one condition?"

"Name it—name it! There can be nothing on earth so difficult, but I will gladly do it to regain my liberty."

"I take you at your word. The performance will be easy. Promise to be mine, whenever I shall claim you."

For an instant, Beatrice gazed on the speaker in blank amazement, doubting whether she heard aright; then reading for the first time in his countenance, the vile passions written so legibly upon it, an unutterable loathing took possession of her soul. And alive only to the one idea of flight, she sprang towards the sliding pannel.

Like a frantic bird, the poor girl beat against the moveless barrier, but in vain. Her nails broke short; her little white fingers, lacerated by the sharp carvings of the door, intended to conceal among their intricacies the spring by which it was opened, became red with blood, as they strove to discover and overcome the obstacle between her and freedom; but all her efforts were fruitless—she could effect nothing.

Meanwhile, Pietro stood quietly watching her with folded arms, and mocking smile.

"Try—try again!" he said, tauntingly, as, for one weary moment, her hands fell despairingly beside her. "Try again; you may be lucky this time!"

She needed no words to urge her to the task. Nerved by a terror in which was comprehended more than fear for her life, Beatrice strove eagerly to find the secret spring, pressing, pushing, pulling every protuberance, heedless that the wood was fast becoming slippery with the blood which flowed rapidly from her torn hands; until at last, seeing Pietro once more advancing to seize her, she glanced round in agony, and perceiving through the gloom, what appeared to be an opening at the end of the passage, she skillfully evaded the arms outstretched towards her, and darting forward, rushed wildly down a long, winding corridor.

With a hideous imprecation, the Italian saw her disappear, and followed fast in pursuit.

Dark, dark as the grave was the way they took; heavy and thick the dense, suffocating air they breathed; but on, like the wind, despair and anguish in her heart, fled the hapless girl before the wretch whose very touch was worse to her than death.

At length, after traversing some considerable distance, the path began to descend abruptly.

Reckless of the danger, which, at another time, even in broad daylight, would have impelled her to proceed along this inclined plane with caution, Beatrice still continued her headlong career; while, as if the grim spirits of the place watched and befriended her, no obstacle arose in her way to cause her feet either to stumble or fall.

By-and-by, however, her progress was slightly delayed by suddenly finding herself on the brink of a flight of steps; but while she paused for a second to feel her way, she heard her pursuer close behind; and losing all other fear in terror of him, she ran down fleetly.

After a little time she reached the bottom, leaving Pietro (who had relaxed his speed, counting each step in the descent as he took it) considerably in the rear; but once again on level ground, the chase recommenced, and the captive's strength began to fail.

Oh, who shall paint the agony of that moment, when Beatrice found her limbs tremble and refuse to support her, her breath come laggingly, and her straining eyes waver and close!

With a murmured prayer to Heaven, she leaned against the wall, and tried to think—to prepare and protect herself against the dangers which were closing so fast around; but at the instant when all hope abandoned her, a ray of light shot suddenly athwart the gloom, and with a cry of joy she rallied her fainting powers, and hurried on, careless what was before her, so, only she could escape from Pietro.

Engrossed by this one thought, she struggled forward until the long corridor ended in a large, well-lighted room, half filled with huge packages; scattered among which were five-and-twenty or thirty men, all occupied in various ways, while in the centre stood one who appeared to be the chief, but whose face being turned from Beatrice, she was, of course, unable to see the features.

Yet, certain that with him she could meet no worse fate than that from which she fled, the fugitive rushed towards him, crying as she sank at his feet,

"Save me! save me!"

"Ah!" exclaimed he, starting violently, and looking eagerly down; "what is this?—what brings you here?"

The voice was soft and clear—musical as that of the finest flute; yet its tones struck greater dismay to the listener's heart, than an Indian's war-whoop would have done!

For, alas! it was not the first time she had heard them!

Twice before—once in the ruins below the north tower—once at midnight, under the window, she had listened to that deep, rich voice; and now, remembering the words it had uttered, none, except perhaps that of the Count Orsini himself, could have inspired the girl with deeper terror. Still she continued, almost mechanically, to repeat,

"Save me! save me!"

"From what? From whom? Speak, Miss Lyle—tell me what has happened?" And he bent low, and raised her in his arms.

With sudden resolution, Beatrice looked up into the face above her, then started with surprise and pleasure, as in its well-remembered lineaments she recognized the man to whom she was indebted for her life a few hours before—the mysterious helmsman.

"Ah!" she cried, joyously, "is it you?—Then I know I am safe."

"As the holy saints themselves!" he answered, fervently. "But what threatens you? What has happened?"

Ere Beatrice could reply, another person was added to the party, who could not choose but pause a while to contemplate the group before him.

On the floor knelt Beatrice Lyle, her tearful eyes raised in piteous entreaty to her companion's face—her luxuriant hair floating over her white shoulders, from which the scarf had fallen, and her lovely hands and arms, spotted with her own innocent blood, lifted in passionate supplication; while over her—every feature instinct with the purest, intensest love—leaned the glowing countenance, the graceful form of the young Italian.

It was a fair picture, calculated to excite in every generous heart feelings of pity and admiration; yet, in his breast who now looked upon it, it awoke none but emotions of hatred and vengeance; and striding forward with a bitter oath, Pietro laid his rough clasp upon the suppliant's shoulder, crying,

"You have led me a fine chase, madam—but it's my turn now. Up and follow me."

"No—no!" screamed the girl, wildly, turning to her deliverer. "Save me! save me!"

"Beware!" thundered Pietro, passing between them. "Interfere at your peril! She knows all, and will betray us."

At these terrible words, Andreas drew back for a moment; but Beatrice seizing his hand, exclaimed—

"Never—never! I know nothing—I will tell nothing—only let me go!"

"Yes, but—"

"Oh, do not hesitate—it is on you only I rely! You who have saved my life once, save it again; and I promise—swear by all I fear and love in heaven, that nothing, torture itself, shall ever wring from me a word which could injure you!"

"Pshaw! we know the value of a woman's promises too well to trust them. Stand back, Andreas, and let me take her!"

"No, no! Mercy, mercy!"

"Bah! you should have secured that before you thrust yourself into dangerous secrets; it is too late now. Come!"

And he strove to lift her from the ground, on which she knelt, clinging to the Italian, who now again bent tenderly towards her, until Pietro flung him away, crying,

"Off, madman, off! Our lives are not worth an hour's purchase one moment longer than we hold her here!"

"Fairest, best!" murmured Andreas, in the low, passionate tones of the South, unheeding the other's coarse brutality, while his eyes drank in the rare beauty of the bright being at his feet; and, spell-bound by her presence, lost the fierce impulse to retaliate and assert himself, which, at any other time, would ere this have resulted in such swift reckoning for his insolence, as should have laid Pietro on the earth, "what happy chance has brought you here—given to this hateful place the sunshine of your presence, and to my hungry eyes the sight they wearied for?"

"Idiot!" vociferated Pietro, contemptuously, "is this a time for love-making, when the safety of the whole band is at stake? Six hours more, and those we may find it hard to silence will be upon us."

"Not at my instance—not at mine! Only set me free, and I would die rather than betray you!"

"So you say now, while in my power. You would tell a different tale by-and-by to your dainty lover, if I were fool enough to give you the chance. No, safe bind is safe find, and therefore I shall protect myself by taking care of you."

And again he strove to raise her, but closer and closer she crouched upon the ground, her long tresses trailing in the dust, and her sweet voice calling on Andreas for protection; while he, awakened from his momentary trance, threw off the spell which had bound him, and starting forward, caught Beatrice from her captor, and wreathing his arm round her, stood at bay.

During all this time, the other occupants of the room had preserved an astonished, although unbroken silence; but now Andreas turned boldly towards them, his prize on his arm, and said, in clear, trumpet tones, that might have been heard through the fiercest storm that ever blew,

"Comrades, for the first time since I have held command over you, I claim performance of the oath of loyalty you then took.—Speak! have I ever forfeited my right to it?"

"Never—never!"

"Obey unquestioningly, then, the first personal request I ever made. Let this lady go free."

A buzz ran through the listeners, and one from among the midst said,

"Who is she? What is she to you?"

"What the sun is to the earth—the dew to the flowers—the rudder to a helmless ship!—*my life!*"

A confused murmur of sympathy stirred the crowd.

The speaker's air and manner, his gallant bearing, his handsome presence, each and all appealed to the hearts he addressed; and he, quick to read and comprehend his fellows, understood at a glance the advantage he had won.

So did Pietro, who, furious at the prospect of being robbed of his prey, cried angrily,

"He has no right to claim such a promise, nor you to make it. *She is a spy!*"

"Liar!" exclaimed Andreas.

"He speaks falsely. Oh, believe me—believe me!"—and with a sudden impulse, Beatrice turned bravely, and fronted the men in whom she felt that her fate rested. "I am no spy! I came hither by accident, or rather in the hope to penetrate a cruel attempt to frighten me; and only fled here (not knowing where I came), in order to escape such violence as not one of you, whatever your calling may be, would offer to a defenceless woman. Be generous, then, and let me go!"

"And if you do, you forfeit your own lives! Pah! are you men or fools, to be blinded by the fair words of a woman and a prisoner? Listen to her—do as she asks—and hurrah for the gallows tree! it will bear a goodly crop ere the moon wanes! Act like men; cast off this glamor—distrust her as her treachery deserves, and protect yourselves by silencing her at once, and forever!

The audience, bewildered by this artful speech, hesitated, looked from Pietro to Beatrice, from her to their lieutenant, then began to confer with each other.

Andreas saw the danger; he knew that that fear for their security was excited, which could not be easily allayed, and he advanced at once and said,

"You know me, men, and that I am true, let whoever will be false?"

"Ay, ay!" shouted they, glad, as it seemed, to deal with him.

"Take, then, my pledge for her fidelity! Hold my life hostage for her truth! Let her go, and do with me according to our laws, if she betrays us!"

"Ay, ay; that'll do!"

"Dolts! madmen!" roared Pietro. "What witchcraft is upon you? Even if you were free to accept his offer, *which you are not*, what does it amount to? Nothing. Liberty to shoot him like a dog, when you yourselves are on the road to be hanged!"

"Do not believe—do not listen to him! Can you think that even if I were so mean as to make a promise intending to break it, I am so utterly base as to peril the life pledged for my fidelity, by the most shameless, ungrateful treachery?"

"Yes. What is his life to you?"

"Everything!"

"You love him, then?"

"Is this the time—are you the person to ask the question? Oh! men, men!"—and once more she turned indignantly towards them—"as you have wives and mothers, protect me now. Save me from him, who seeks your safety less, than to wreak his vengeance upon me! Wrong not your own manhood by standing by, and aiding a cowardly and cruel plot against one who never has, and never will, injure you; but trust me, release me, and heaven hear and spare me at my utmost need, as I keep inviolate the faith I have given!"

"Let her go!—let her go!"

"Thanks, comrades, thanks! I shall know how to reward you. Ask the first favor within my power to grant, and even if it is my life I swear to yield it!"

"A bribe!"

"*No!* Bribery is a false man's payment to a traitor. His had need be a bold heart who dares apply those words to us."

"Not bolder than mine, which has a knack of calling things by their true names. What else but bribery and treachery is it to tempt men to break the laws which bind them to each other?"

"We've no law that bids us give up a prisoner to your mercy!" cried the voice which had spoken before.

"No—no; no monopoly!" shouted another.

"Agreed. But what is that passage which provides, that, if at any time, or for any reason, a prisoner, who has become possessed of our secret, should be liberated, it shall not be until he or she has been enrolled a member of the band, and sealed with the Captain's seal?"

"Villain!" murmured Andreas, as he looked on the fair girl, upon whose countenance the extreme of bewildered terror was now visible. "Villain!"

"Who? I, or the Captain?"

"*He* would not enforce a law, only provided for extremities, on such a helpless, unoffending being as that; nor shall you do it, while I stand by with life to protect her!"

"No; blindfold and lead her out through the private way; it would be safe enough; she'd never find it again," cried the friendly voice.

"And if you attempt it, and she stirs one step from where she now stands, look!"—and Pietro covered her head with a pistol—"I scatter her brains upon the floor. Obey the law, or give her up to me."

"Not that—not that! Oh, kill me rather!" screamed Beatrice. "I will bear anything from you, for you are men, not fiends; but, oh, for your dear souls sake, save me from him!"

How true it is that none are altogether evil; In that room, on that night, there was not one man, save, perhaps, Andreas alone, but had committed crimes dark enough to have ensured a violent death before the most merciful tribunal upon earth; not one but was steeped to the lips in sin, murder, and blasphemy; yet, with the single exception of Pietro, there was not one whose heart did not bound gallantly to that young girl's cry, and who would not have saved her from insult at the cost of his life.

Promptly, then, they ranged themselves beside her, bidding her take courage, for that no harm should befall her. "Only," said the oldest and foremost of the group,—"you must take the oaths and sign. 'Tisn't much—it won't hurt you much; and then you'll be free and safe for ever."

Andreas drew his breath hard, and a dangerous light came in his eyes as they turned on Pietro; while Beatrice, looking fearfully from one to another of her guardians, asked, "What is it? What am I to do?"

"Only—"

"Stay, stay," interposed the young Italian eagerly. "Is there no alternative?"

"None."

"Then I will do it—bear it—whatever it is. Speak!—tell me—"

"Not yet—not yet. Pietro,"—and Andreas advanced towards him—"there is not a man here but would avoid this brutal deed that you insist on, if it were possible. With you, then, the power of mercy rests: use it, and all the wealth you have so greatly coveted is yours. Take this key, and with it the ownership of all I possess, only let Miss Lyle go free."

"Not if every coin were a sack of gold, every jewel a mine."

"Plead for me no more!" cried Beatrice, raising her slight figure bravely. "I would bear any torture rather than see a noble nature degraded by asking mercy of that man. I have no fear of pain; only tell me what is required."

For all answer, Andreas rolled up his jacket sleeve, displaying just below the shoulder, on the inner side, a small triangle formed by three S's, burned into the flesh with a hot branding iron.

Beatrice shuddered as she asked, "What is it? what does it mean?"

"Simply that he who bears it is a sworn brother of the honorable society you see here; that if for any gain or fear he becomes a traitor, every member of the band is bound by a solemn oath to hunt him to the death without remorse or pity, as one who belongs to us body and soul," said Pietro.

"It also provides safety and support in all emergencies and dangers where man can help. It protects from the cruelty and insults of every person who wears the same sign; and to *you* it will give a strength and safety that nothing else under heaven could now ensure," continued the low, clear tones of Andreas.

"Is this my only hope—my only chance of freedom?"

"Alas, it is!"

"And will it bind me to more than passive silence? See how I trust you! Do not—oh, do not deceive me!"

"Not if by doing so I could win heaven itself! The oath pledges a compulsory member to nothing but silence."

"But the brand?"

The young man's very lips blanched as he said, with a loathing shiver, "The brand! Ah, horror! That is the worst!"

"No; that is only pain—bodily pain. It is easy to bear that!"

"To the test, then!" exclaimed Pietro, observing the dangerous admiration and sympathy visible upon the faces round, and fearing even yet to be baffled of his purpose. "It is easy to boast."

"Give me protection," demanded Beatrice, calmly turning to the band.

"Bravo!" cried some dozen men enthusiastically, delighted by her courage and reliance upon them, as well as by her quiet dependence upon the terms of the agreement. "Take the oath, and then we'll see who wags a tongue to anger you."

"Ay, take the oath. May be you'll find it less pleasant than you think."

And advancing to the centre of the chamber, Pietro, with many ceremonies and forms, exaggerated with the cruel design of terrifying and disgusting the shrinking novice, administered the oath of fealty.

It was terrible in its language and purpose, but, as she had been assured, bound a compulsory member to nothing but silence; and therefore, repugnant as it was, Beatrice repeated the words steadily, to the evident chagrin of the Italian, who had depended upon some betrayal of weakness, and now, in his base desire of revenge, turned to Andreas, and with manifest triumph said, "The rest is your work. Give him the irons."

"No, no! I cannot!" And faint and sick almost to death, the young man turned away.

Fearful lest Pietro should seize upon this opportunity to torture his victim yet more cruelly, that one of the band who had so often spoken before, advanced and took the instrument, while Beatrice, pale and stern as marble, stretched out her arm firmly, and laid her little hand upon his.

A shudder and a murmur passed through the whole assembly, while Andreas, powerless to help her for whom he would gladly, joyfully, have laid down his life, and unable to bear the sight of her suffering, turned away, and, hiding his face, groaned in agony.

For a moment, the self-elected operator paused, looking on the fair limb thus laid bare for torture; then, uttering an oath, flung down the brand.

"Fool! maudlin fool!" thundered Pietro, thrusting him aside, and lifting up the iron. "What ails ye?—what are you frightened at? Stand back, and let me do it."

Beatrice closed her eyes, gallantly surpressing all cry and sound; only the flesh of her arm quivered as the seething-iron touched it, and burned its way through the tender skin.

A moment, and three perfectly distinct impressions of the letter S, forming the significant triangle, marked the white arm. The hapless girl gazed upon them with sickening horror, then, with a piteous cry, extended it towards Andreas, and fell senseless to the ground.

CHAPTER X.

D.—"I love thee not; therefore, pursue me not.
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

H.—You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
And yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

D.—Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot, love you?"
—*Shakspeare.*

"Ah! you are early this morning, Miss Shirley. I am more fortunate than I dared to hope," said Count Orsini, as passing along the low terraced walk before the castle, he encountered Julia.

"Yes, the air is so invigorating, that I could not reconcile it to my conscience to remain shut up in-doors, therefore sallied forth for that very unusual thing with me, a walk before breakfast."

"The wisest thing you could possibly do. Where are Lady Shirley and your cousin?"

"In their rooms, I suppose. I have seen nothing of them."

"It is early yet. Not much past seven, I think."

And then, without permission asked or granted, the Count turned his steps, and walked on beside his guest.

It was, as she had just observed, a most lovely morning; the dew hung like diamonds on every blade of grass and leaf; the birds, full of life, and health, and joy, carrolled their gay hymns up into the blue Heavens; the little waves chased each other on the shore like young children at play; while here and there a sea-gull spread out its wings like a feather over the dark, green ocean, or rose with a wild cry into the air, circling round and round in giddy mazes, then dropping again, silent and still, upon the extreme point of some inaccessible cliff, revelling in a liberty which the hand or foot of man could never invade.

Above, spread the deep blue sky, large flakes of soft white clouds relieving at intervals its intense brightness, and forming, in their calm, graceful motions, a profound contrast to the bustle and hurry of the waters below.

Through all this beauty and perfection, Julia and her host walked on utterly unmoved, seeing in the glorious earth and wonderful ocean, no earnest of a yet more perfect world and purer existence; no token or sign of an Almighty hand. No; all was to them as the painted scenes of a panorama; or, yet worse, like as God's works were to him of whom the poet wrote so scornfully, that—

"A primrose on a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

What to them was the promise of another life? They looked forward to it with no hope, no desire, for beyond this they had nothing to expect; its grandeur, wealth, power, honors, filled and satisfied the souls which Christ had died to redeem; and as the hard earthy shell restrains for a time the butterfly from its upward flight, even so did the world and its pleasures hold them back from every thought of Heaven. And yet they were not happy. Their choice brought them neither peace nor joy. Both had learned that it was a rough and stony path they had elected to follow; but although every day proved there was neither rest nor satisfaction to be found in it, the hearts of both were so thoroughly worldly and hardened, that no yearning for higher or better things ever prompted them to leave it, and seek repose elsewhere.

It was not happiness, therefore, or even content, that glittered in the cold eyes of Julia Shirley, as standing on the sunny strand, the tiny waves lipping her feet, she looked forth into the future.

Suddenly she started; a shade came upon her face; and she said imperiously, not even condescending to ask her companion's wishes,

"I shall go back—it is getting late!"

"Is it? My watch is scarcely half-past seven, and the tide is coming in!"

"Oh, pray do not let me take you from it! Stay and admire it, by all means. I came out alone, and can very well return in the same way."

"Impossible! Besides, your wishes are my commands."

"Chut!" she said, impatiently, walking on; "I do wish you would say something new, Count. You have used those words too often for them to have the faintest echo of a meaning in my ears."

"Do you doubt them?"

"Of course!" and she laughed harshly "Did you expect me to believe them?"

"You are cruel—unjust!"

"Am I? I think not. Only call to your mind (if you can,) to how many ladies you have uttered the same phrase before; ay, and *since* you have known me!"

"The task would not be difficult. I will not say that before your presence was permitted to brighten my dreary and desolate existence, I may not at times have been deluded as to the state of my own feelings, always too keenly alive to a sense of gratitude for kindness to a wretched exile; but since then, when basking in the light of your goodness and beauty, I forgot all that might once have had charms; and experiencing for the first time the passion of true love—"

"Ha—ha—ha! Excuse me, Count, this is really too much! The very idea of *your* falling in love is irresistible! Why, I shall have people accusing me of the tender passion next!"

"And why not?" said Orsini, excessively annoyed at her mockery. "Are you so much above, or below the rest of human kind?"

"Both! I am too selfish to have any time or thought to spare from myself for other people!"

"You wrong yourself!"

"Not an atom. I am the last person on earth to do that. No; self is my idol—my car of Juggernaut, under which all ladylike weaknesses are immolated; and the eighth wonder of the world will happen when love and ambition stand together, even for an hour, side by side, in my heart!"

"I have heard that it is not always those who deny the 'soft impeachment' most strenuously, that are the freest from danger."

"Possibly."

Orsini would have replied, but the hard, cold gaze of his companion's eyes warned him that he had touched upon forbidden ground, and he hastened to change the subject.

"I am sorry you place so little trust in me, Miss Shirley."

"I trust no one!" was the stern response.

"That is a resolution fitter for a worn-out man of the world, than a young lady, to whom life and men must appear as charming as her own excellence. You will soon rescind it."

"Never—until—"

"What?—when?"

"Until I find a man who can talk to his fellows without falsehood, and to women without flattery."

"The world could not exist were it a palace of truth."

"*You* think so?" with a bitter emphasis. "Well, you are right; you and I should find it untenable. What have we to do with truth?"

"Miss Shirley!"

"Well?"

"I—I—"

"Never mind; don't justify yourself; it isn't necessary. Only, for the future, take my advice, and whatever you dare to be, dare to own. *I* always do. That, at any rate, saves one the trouble of hypocrisy."

"No one would ever accuse you of that!"

"Am I to understand that as a compliment or an insult?"

"Neither. I am but practising the new accomplishment you recommend—*truth*. I think I never met with a character more easily to be understood than yours."

"Indeed!" and the thin lip curled disdainfully. "I should like to hear your definition of it!"

"May I give it?"

"By all means."

"First, then, you are proud!"

"Granted."

"Ambitious!"

"Granted also; but that is hardly a discovery. I have told you so of myself a hundred times."

"And my own observation has confirmed it. Remember, I am giving you my, not your, opinion of yourself. Jealous!"

"No."

"Yes!"

"Jealous? Absurd! Of what? Who?"

"I will answer your question by another. Is there not now, within two hundred yards of this spot, one whom you dislike, I won't say fear, but whose absence is always more welcome than her presence?"

"I suppose you mean my cousin Beatrice?"

He bowed.

"Well, perhaps you are right, *in part*, as far as my affection for her goes, but no further. Proceed."

"In a moment. Let us rest in this arbor first. You will be tired."

And he turned abruptly into a small, ruined building, formed of rock and fragments of masonry, and covered with the thick leaves of a Virginia creeper, mingled with the fair starry flower of a beautiful jasmine, from which a shower of white blossoms fell upon the uncovered head of the young lady as she entered.

With an impatient gesture, she flung some of them away, and treading carelessly upon others, threw herself upon a seat exactly opposite to her companion, to whom was thus afforded an excellent opportunity of criticising her costume and manner.

The former was unexceptionable.

She was attired in a morning robe of pale blue muslin, fitting closely to the figure, and displaying its fair proportions to the utmost advantage: broad riband rosettes, and a sash of the same cold cerulean hue, ornamented her dress, her hair, and the gipsy hat she carried on her arm. Not the smallest flower, the faintest rose-tint on her cheeks, varied the elegant but icy monotony, and betrayed that she had felt and suffered, or was anything more than a fair piece of sculpture.

This struck the Count now more forcibly than ever, and he shuddered as he dwelt on the contrast she presented to one whose fiery passion, once so wearisome, since so regretted, was now quenched in the grave, whence could issue no more that lovely joyous figure, that tender voice, which, priceless at the first, had been suffered to pass away from earth uncheered and disregarded. And as the Italian mused upon those unforgotten days, and compared them with the present, a spasm of remorse wrung his heart.

He had gone too far, however, to recede, and taking up the conversation where it had dropped, he said abruptly, "There is yet one more ingredient in your character, Miss Shirley!"

"Only one?"

"I do not say that, but this is an important one!"

"Doubtless, and it is—"

"Policy!"

"Ha!"

"You grant it?"

"I don't know. You understand me better than I thought. But what on earth has all this to do with the subject from which we started?"

"Everything. You repudiate, and perhaps rightly, all the passionate protestations of love which so often mislead and deceive your sex, and having devoted all the energies of your mind to the attainment of one end, it is to that I must address myself. It was in order to do this properly, that I ventured to show you how carefully and thoroughly I had studied your nature."

"Well, and the result?"

"Is with you."

"How?"

"Thus: you seek rank, influence, position; suffer me to give them to you: become my wife, and all you desire will be yours."

There was no reply, and he went on.

"Let the qualities I have described plead for me. Where can you find a position more in accordance with your wishes than that I offer? The coronet of a man, who, although an exile, will be enabled by your assistance to return to his country, among whose noblest names his own stands foremost, and as the wife of whom, your highest ambition will be satisfied."

During this speech Julia had remained silent; now she raised her eyes, and said, calmly, "This is wonderfully business-like!"

"I do but follow your example and advice!"

"Yes, I cannot, ought not to object; but, still—Well, no matter—such language and manner befit us best. Now, as to your proposal. You know I do not love you?"

"I do not expect nor ask it."

"That I do not respect you?"

He bowed.

"That I neither trust nor honor you?"

He bowed again.

"And yet you seek me for your wife?" she cried, starting up hastily, indignation and scorn for a moment conquering her cold indifference, and flushing her pale cheek with anger. "Are you a man, or a clod, more soulless, heartless, worthless than this mortar,"—and she spurned some with her foot,—"to sell yourself for the gold of one who neither loves, honors, nor respects you? Pah! I hate myself for listening to you!"

"Wherefore? Interested marriages take place by hundreds every year; and those who make them, live none the less happily at home, and respected abroad, for dispensing with that midsummer madness which boys and girls call love."

"Love! how dare you utter the word? Its very name is outraged by it!"

"Possibly; but you taught me to ignore it, despising it yourself. Come, Miss Shirley, this anger is unworthy of you, much as its brilliance may enhance your beauty. Take time to consider what I have said, and give me leave to hope that the hour is not far distant when I shall place on this fair hand the ring which shall entitle that stately brow to wear the oldest coronet in Italy!"

And lifting her hand, the speaker raised it to his lips.

At their first touch, however, Julia flushed a burning crimson; then the hot color died out, leaving her features even whiter than before; and snatching her hand away, she said, hoarsely,

"Repeat this insult, sir, and come what may, we part that moment and forever!"

"Pardon me, I—"

"No more words. I am weary, ill, and connot heed them."

"I have been too abrupt; forgive me!" said the Count, startled by the ghastly pallor which had deepened on her face.

"Of course—of course! Only leave me; I would be alone!" And she covered her eyes with her colorless fingers, and fell back.

A few minutes after, a slight sound made her look up and exclaim passionately,

"You here still? Did you not hear me say that I would be alone? Go! Leave me!"

"Not while you are suffering."

"I am *not* suffering; or, if I am, I shall suffer a million times more while you are by; Go!"

"I obey; but ere I leave you, be generous, and give me one word of hope."

"*No*—once for all—*no!* Look here, Count Orsini!" and she sprang up like a wild thing at bay. "If there, at my very feet, opened an abyss of fire so terrible that but to look into it were death; and here were you, with the pomp and power of the whole earth in your hand for bestowal upon me, I'd leap into it and die, rather than escape at the hideous price of clasping *that!* Now be satisfied, and leave me."

Flushed high with rage, which, *for the present*, he controlled, the Italian, after a moment's irresolute pause, turned on his heel and quitted the arbor; while Julia, half wild with passion, struck the hand he had kissed violently against the oaken table, exclaiming,

"How dare he kiss me?—pollute with his foul, false lips the hand that once— Ah! George, George!"—and the proud voice softened, and the flashing eyes sank—"when will all this end, and you give me the right to claim from you protection from such insolence as this? Soon, soon, or I shall die: for you do love me, or never man's eyes spoke truth—you do love me, or woe, woe upon us all!"

Meanwhile, Orsini walked on, his evil heart filled with hatred, pique, and the hope of revenge.

"Fool, fool!" he muttered savagely; "does she think I cannot read the secret of all this—and reading, shall not have vengeance? Once let her be my wife, and instead of the coronet she would sell her soul for, she may chance to see what the dungeons she prates of are like. And he—this fellow whom she loves! It is well for him the passion is all her own. Did he return it, or were he a jot less careless and indifferent, he should long ere this have been swept from my path; but as it is, he does less harm alive than dead. Ha, Pietro! what brings you here so early?—in search of me? Well, how have you succeeded?"

"Admirably! Come and see!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SECESSION ITEMS.

JUDGE JONES, of the United States District Court at Mobile, on Friday afternoon announced from the windows of the court-room that the United States Court for the Southern District of Alabama was "adjourned forever!"

BLOCKADE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—The orders of the Governor of Mississippi to place a battery of guns at Vicksburg for the purpose of hailing steamers and causing them to land has been complied with, as we learn from one of the clerks of the Simonds, who informs us that four guns are placed at the foot of the bluff, a quarter of a mile above the wharf boat; that, while the Simonds lay there on her trip up the river, blank cartridges were fired to bring to and cause to land, the Gladiator, the Imperial, and the A. O. Taylor, and that it was understood that, if the summons were not attended to, the next gun fired would be shotted. The object of the surveillance has not been made known.—*Memphis Appeal of Jan. 17th.*

The Governor of Mississippi assigns as a reason why he established a battery at Vicksburg, to overhaul all steamers going down the Mississippi, that he had reason to believe an expedition would be sent down the river to reinforce the garrisons of the forts and arsenals, and he therefore ordered the volunteer artillery companies of Jackson and Vicksburg to take such a position as would prevent any hostile expeditions from northern States from descending the river. These forces were withdrawn as soon as he heard that the State of Louisiana had fully garrisoned the forts and arsenals. This official explanation is given by the Governor in a special message.

WARLIKE FROM CHARLESTON.—The sentry on the beach of Sullivan's Island fired into a boat from Fort Sumter on Monday night. Three men were in it, and as it approached the beach with muffled oars, the sentry hailed them and warned them off. It is thought one man was wounded. The object is supposed to have been desertion, or a desperate attempt to run the gauntlet of the sentries and spike the guns of the battery.

The *Charleston Mercury*, of the 21st inst., says:—

"South Carolina asks the seceding States to become her confederates. God grant that she enters into no new union, until she herself, and with her own resources, hauls down from the looming bastions of Fort Sumter the flag now flaunting in the breeze. With that fortress in our possession, we become at once the arch of the Southern Confederacy. Without it, we indicate our weakness to the world, and proclaim plainer than pen can write, or tongue can speak, our inability to maintain that sovereignty which we, with one voice, declared a month ago. * * * Border Southern States will never join us until we have indicated our power to free ourselves—until we have proven that a garrison of seventy men cannot hold the portal of our commerce. The fate of the Southern Confederacy hangs by the ensign halyards of Fort Sumter."

FORT SUMTER.—There are the guns of Moultrie, of Pinckney, Fort Johnson, redoubts at Sullivan's Island and Morris Island that can all be brought to bear upon the fort. Its garrison is small, its guns heavy and exhausting to work; its strength is not impregnable by a long way. This is apparent even to unscientific eyes. There are so many openings in the masonry, that, with heavy guns, it could be pounded to dust in two days, though it would be with great loss of life to the assailants. This, however, the South Carolinians are loth to do. They say, what use will the thing be to us then. We do not want it knocked to pieces; we want it to be of some use to us; we want it whole.—*Cor. Wash. Nat. Intelligencer.*

CHARLESTON, Jan. 25.—From every indication, an early attack upon Fort Sumter will be made. The Governor is disposed to regard the wish of the other Southern States, and avoid further measures, but the uneasiness of the troops and more excited portion of the populace, will, it is apprehended, precipitate an attack upon the fort, let the consequences be what they may. Major Anderson is about to send away all non-combatants from the fort, and the wives and children of the soldiers may be soon expected in New York.

The guns of Fort Sumter are able to reach Charleston, and will not fall short, as some military men have asserted.

The ladies of Charleston have sent a Carolina flag to headquarters, with the following note attached!

"*From the Ladies of Charleston to the Minister of War, the Hon. D. F. Jamison:* This flag was made expressly by them, to be opened for the first time on Fort Sumter."

SOUTH CAROLINA TAXES.—The Senate has passed the tax bill. The rates of taxes are increased 20 per cent. over that of the year '59, in order to meet the demand of a million and a half dollars, necessary for all South Carolina's purposes. Treasury notes are ordered to be issued for $700,000, and bills receivable of the State for $350,000, for military contingencies.

The Legislature has appropriated $50,000 for carrying on the Postal arrangements, if the Federal Government *secede* from the present system.

The military services extended to the State by the Catawba Indians of South Carolina, have been accepted by the Governor.

SURRENDER OF PENSACOLA NAVY YARD.—Captain Armstrong represents to the Navy Department that of the sixty officers and men who were in that place with him, about three-fourths were secessionists, who would have revolted had he attempted a resistance to the four hundred or more men under Major Chase, who demanded his surrender. Therefore any opposition by him would have been useless. A Court of Inquiry has been ordered at Washington.

When, under orders of Lieut. Renshaw, the American flag was lowering, it suddenly fell into the dust, when a loud shout went up from the exultant multitude, led by an officer attached to the U. S. steamer Wyandotte.

At Fort Pickens there were only about eighty men to two hundred and forty guns. Lieut. Slemmer, commanding the post, has his family with him. After he had abandoned Fort McRae, his wife went thither to procure some of his wearing apparel, and it being denied her, she indignantly left, saying she herself, on her return to Fort Pickens, would man one of the guns. Lieut. Slemmer is from Norristown, Penn.

PENSACOLA, Jan. 24.—The volunteers are engaged in mounting and arranging their cannon, in view of an assault upon Fort Pickens, the carpenters are making scaling ladders, and the utmost bustle prevails.

The U. S steamer Wyandotte is anchored westward of Fort Pickens, under the guns, and it is supposed, will assist Lieut. Slemmer in case of an assault.

The pilots have been notified that they may bring any of the U. S. war vessels inside of the harbor, if they carry flags of truce.

FORT PICKENS.—We learn, says the Charleston Courier, from a gentleman who left Mobile on Wednesday last, that troops to the number of about 8,000, from Alabama, Mississippi and Florida, had concentrated at that point, and were fully determined on taking Fort Pickens if the Federal officers refused to surrender.

THE GEORGIA ARSENAL.—AUGUSTA, Jan. 24.—Gov. Brown, at the head of 700 State troops, this morning demanded the surrender of the U. S. Arsenal. His demand was complied with, the troops in charge saluting the United States flag before hauling it down.—The United States troops (about fifty) are to be sent to New York.

LOUISIANA.—BATON ROUGE, Jan. 23.—The State Convention met to-day, and organized after a fervent prayer.

A flag with only fifteen stars upon it floats over the Capitol.

Ex-Governor Mouton was elected President by a *viva voce* vote of 81 to 41. He was conducted to the chair, and after returning thanks for the honor, advised that the proceedings should be conducted with calmness, firmness and deliberation.

Resolutions were adopted for the appointment of a Committee of Fifteen to report an Ordinance for the secession of Louisiana from the Federal Union.

BATON ROUGE, Jan. 24.—The Committee of Fifteen reported the Ordinances of Secession and regarding the navigation of the Mississippi River. The latter reads: "We, the people of Louisiana, recognize the right of the free navigation of the Mississippi river and its tributaries by all friendly States bordering thereon; and also recognize the right of egress from and ingress to the mouth of the Mississippi by all friendly States and powers; and we hereby declare our willingness to enter into stipulations to guarantee the exercise of these rights."

A resolution was offered returning thanks to the Governor far his prompt action in seizing the forts of Louisiana, stating that they will defend them there and elsewhere with all the means in their power. After considerable discussion, the resolution was passed, yeas 118, nays 5.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.—TORONTO, Canada, June 24.—The Toronto Leader announces positively that the English Government intends to acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy, as soon as it is formed.

The tone of the English papers, as well as of the embassy at Washington, would seem to discredit however the probability of the English government acting at all hastily in the matter. Of course it is the practice of the English as of our own government to acknowledge every government *de facto*, after a reasonable time has elapsed to prove that it is able to maintain its independence.

DEPARTURE OF THE SLOOP-OF-WAR BROOKLYN, WITH SEALED ORDERS.—NORFOLK, Jan. 25.—The sloop of war Brooklyn sailed yesterday, bound South, with sealed orders. She took two companies of soldiers from Fort Monroe.

It is reported that she is bound to reinforce Fort Pickens at Pensacola.

MISSISSIPPI.—It is reported that the buoys in the harbor of Mobile, located some thirty miles from the city, have been destroyed, thus rendering navigation difficult and dangerous.

LOUISIANA.—The ordinance for immediate secession was passed on the 26th, and carried by 113 yeas to 17 nays. The Convention then adjourned to New Orleans.

WASHINGTON.—It is ascertained, from a reliable source, that the Government has no information leading to the belief that England will recognize the Southern Confederacy.

The Tariff Bill is being rapidly matured by the Senate Committee.

TEXAS.—The returns from Texas thus far indicate an overwhelming majority for immediate secession.

MISSOURI.—Advices from different parts of the State indicate a strong Union feeling, and that the State Convention will be filled with conservative men.

PALMERSTON'S SPEECH.—The *London Times* says, of Lord Palmerston's recent speech:—

"The third topic dwelt upon by Lord Palmerston is the future, if, indeed, we may not say the actual disruption of the American Union. While Italy is consolidating, America is disintegrating. That privilege of a single entire nationality which Italy is shedding tears of blood to obtain, America is flinging recklessly away. The Southern States expected sympathy for their undertaking from the public opinion of this country. The tone of the press has already done much to undeceive them, and if anything more is required, they have the assurance of our disapprobation from the person whose public station gives him the right, and whose intuitive sympathy with the feelings of the nation gives him the power better than any one to express its opinions."

☞ An Eastern editor is delighted at having nearly been called "honey" by the gal he loves, because she saluted him at their last meeting as "Old Beeswax!"

☞ One person having asked another if he believed in the appearance of spirits, "No," was the reply; "but I believe in their disappearance, for I've missed a bottle of brandy since last night."

☞ Coal was used very early in China as fuel; it is mentioned by Du Halde as "black stones dug out of the mountains, which stones burn when kindled, and are used by many persons in preference to wood, of which there is abundance." It is found in the North and in the South, and probably might be had in nearly every province in the empire. At Shanghae, it has been used on board of foreign steamers; in this district it resembles cannel coal; it is to be had also at Canton. Le Comte assures us that there is not any country better supplied with coal than China.

☞ The higher the position of the Moorish lady, the less is her mind likely to be kindled by the slightest spark of education. For nearly thirty years have the French given laws to Algeria, and yet there is not one of the natives who has adopted a single European idea, or deviated in the slightest degree from the traditional habits and institutions of his ancestors.

☞ It should, in these days of sanguinary portent, afford some little consolation to know that the killing of a combatant in battle is averse to the "true art" of war, as we learn from Colonel Peard, "Garibaldi's Englishman," who is reported to have said of rifle-shooting in war: "Mind, if you ever go rifle-shooting, use your rifle in a scientific manner. Recollect always not to kill your man, but to wound him; then it takes two men to carry him off, and those two men never by any chance come back the same day. With a double-barrelled rifle, therefore, you may get rid of six men at each discharge."

☞ THE BEST PLAN FOR LAYING OUT NEW STREETS.—The spider's web furnishes a better plan for the laying out of new cities than any which has yet been devised by surveyors and engineers. Any one who can find a distinct and complete web unbroken, will see how beautifully regular it is, and how perfectly adapted for the quickest passage from any one point to another. The concentric rings are not circles, but polygons, the radiating exquisitely regular and straight.—*Builder.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Niagara brings English advices to the 13th (Sunday) and $1,080,000 in specie.

The Bank of England has advanced the rate for discounts to 7 per cent. This advance was entirely unexpected, and its effect upon the Money Market will probably be severe.

The Bank of France has also made a similar increase of rates.

It is believed that the American news and the position of the Bank of France were the main incentives for the advance.

The London Times, in an editorial on the report of the American Secretary of the Navy, affects the greatest surprise that, while an increase of the navy is recommended, no allusion whatever is made to the introduction of iron cased ships. The Times treats this as a most extraordinary omission, and is forced to imagine that Americans don't believe in the invention.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE UNITED STATES.—When the collective reception of the diplomatic body, on the 1st inst., was over, the Emperor passed slowly along the line of Ambassadors and Ministers, speaking a few words to each in person. After a moment's conversation with the Persian Ambassador, who stood at the right of the Minister of the United States, the Emperor approached Mr. Faulkner, and cordially shook his hand.—The usual words of greeting were then exchanged, after which the Emperor asked, in English:

"What is the latest intelligence you have received from the United States? Not so alarming, I trust, as the papers represent it?"

"Like most nations, Sire," replied Mr. Faulkner, "we have our troubles, which have lost none of their coloring, as described in the European press."

The Emperor—"*I hope it is not true that any of the States have separated from the General Confederation?*"

Mr. Faulkner—"The States still form one common Government, as heretofore. There is excitement in portions of the Confederacy, and there are indications of extreme measures being adopted by one or two of the States. But we are familiar with the excitements, as we are with the vigor, which belong to the institutions of a free people. We have already more than once passed through commotions which would have shattered into fragments any other Government on earth, and this fact justifies the inference that the strength of the Union will now be found equal to the strain upon it."

The Emperor—"*I sincerely hope it may be so; and that you may long continue an united and prosperous people.*"

GREAT BRITAIN.—Quite a panic prevailed in some parts of Liverpool on the 9th inst. Rumors were afloat that a mob had entered the bakers' shops and helped themselves, owing to the advance in the prices of bread, and the suspension of labor in consequence of the severity of the weather, and that a regular riot had broken out. A large number of shops were forthwith closed, and a feeling of alarm prevailed in the city. The reports, however, all proved groundless, when confidence was quickly restored.

Lord Palmerston, in a speech at Southampton, had referred to the situation of affairs in America. He said that there was too much reason to fear that the Union, which had conduced to so much prosperity and happiness was in danger of disruption. He expressed a fervent hope that, whether the Union was maintained or dissolved, it would be accomplished by amicable means, so that the world might be spared the affecting spectacle of a hostile conflict between brothers.

There had been no break in the severity of the weather, and navigation was getting more and more difficult.

Many parts of the Thames were choked up with floating ice, and the entrances to the docks had to be kept open by steamtugs.

The weather was severe throughout England and fears of bread-riots were entertained.

CHINA.—The whole army had left Pekin, excepting 1,500 men remaining at Hosicon, and reached Tien-tsin on the 17th.

All important Chinese ports are open to trade, and permission is granted for foreign steamers to trade in inland waters.

The rebels were again threatening Shanghae and Ningpo, causing the greatest alarm.

Lord Elgin was arranging for the residence at Pekin of Mr. Bruce, the English Minister. Mr. Bruce, in the meantime, winters at Tien-tsin.

A Chinese representative is to reside in England.

ITALY, &c.—The Turin journals published a letter from Garibaldi, in which he renounces any intention of offering himself as a candidate for the post of Deputy to the Italian Parliament, and advises concord in order to arrive at the deliverance of Venice.

The correspondent of the Times had been ordered to quit Rome.

On New Year's day the Pope received the French officers. General Guyon made no political allusion. The Pope approved of the expeditions to Syria and China. He also said that in defending Gaeta, the French fleet serves a just and holy cause. The Pope avoided making any other political allusion, and said nothing concerning the Emperor Napoleon.

It was stated that a negotiation was pending between France and all other continental States, for the abolition of passports.

It is officially announced that the French fleet will leave Gaeta on the 19th inst.

It is reported that Spain is about to occupy the principal fortresses in Morocco, in consequence of the non-fulfilment of the treaty.

THE MARKETS.—LIVERPOOL, Jan. 12th.—The news from America, brought by the steamship Persia, caused a further advance in cotton, all qualities sharing in the improvement. The market closed with an advancing tendency.

Messrs. Hewitt & Co.'s circular reports an advance of ⅛d over the official quotations. They quote New Orleans middling at 7⅛d, and Upland middling at 7¼d.

Flour is dull at 6d decline. Wheat dull at 2d@6d decline. Corn declined. Provisions lower.

☞ He that from small beginnings has *deservedly* raised himself to high station, may not always find that full satisfaction in the possession of his object that he anticipated in the pursuit of it; but, although the individual may be disappointed, the community are benefited, first by his exertions, and secondly by his example.

☞ Some men of a secluded and studious life have sent forth from the closet or the cloister, beams of intellectual light that have agitated courts and revolutionized kingdoms; like the moon, that, far removed from the ocean, and shining upon it with a serene light, is yet the chief cause of all the eddyings and flowings of that world of waters.

☞ God works by earthquakes; and He works by grief. Deep is the ploughing of earthquakes, and deep is the ploughing of grief; but oftentimes less would not suffice for the agriculture of God. Upon a night of earthquake He builds a thousand years of pleasant habitations for man.

☞ A piano affords a young lady a good chance to show her fingering and her finger-ring.

WANTED TO SEE "THE MACHINE."—A few nights ago a little boy residing near one of our railroad lines gratified his curiosity by a rather dangerous experiment. He piled up a lot of fence rails across the track and patiently awaited the approach of the train. The engineer saw the construction in time to stop before he got to it, and when he and the conductor alighted to ascertain the cause of the trouble, a small boy made his appearance, and the following dialogue took place between him and the conductor:

Conductor—"Who piled those rails across the track?"

Boy—"I did, sir."

Conductor—"What did you do it for?"

Boy—"Why, I wanted to make you stop so I could look at your machine. When I come down to the roads to see it you go so fast that I can't look at it."

The conductor was amused and surprised by this answer, and at the same time vexed with the detention, but thinking it best to take a cool view of the matter, told the boy to take a good look at the engine while he had a chance. The little fellow went around the engine, viewing its wheels and underworks without saying a word. After he had satisfied himself, he told the conductor that he might go on, as he had seen all he wanted to look at.

Had it not been for the care and caution of the engineer the curiosity of this boy might have resulted in a serious accident, involving the loss of property, and, perhaps, of life.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

CHARGE OF CONSPIRACY TO DEFRAUD.—R. R. West and Augustus Ramage, doing business as West & Co., No. 218 Walnut street, have been arrested by officer Franklin, on the charge of conspiring to defraud the public. The establishment kept by the accused, is called a publishing house, "The Great Premium Book Store," and, according to the circular of the firm, they present to every purchaser of a dollar's worth of books, four "statements," in a list of premiums to be sold for one dollar each. The list embraces gold and silver watches, gold chains, mosaic and jet brooches, cameo ear-drops, band bracelets, sleeve buttons, watch keys, &c. The articles are marked from $250 each to $2,50 each. Mayor Henry, it is alleged, has received a number of letters from parties at a distance, complaining of not receiving the articles the "statement" called for, as though they expected to get gold watches, valued at $250, for purchasing a dollar's worth of books. That West & Co. are doing an extensive business, was shown by the number of letters found at their place, and the piles of circulars ready for distribution through the post-office. The accused have been held for a hearing on Thursday.

CORRESPONDENCE.—The following dispatches have passed between Senator Toombs of Georgia, and Mayor Wood:—

MILLEDGEVILLE, Jan. 24, 1861.

To his Honor, MAYOR WOOD:

Is it true that any arms, intended for and consigned to the State of Georgia, have been seized by public authorities in New York. Your answer is important to us, and to New York. Answer at once. R. TOOMBS.

The Mayor returned the following answer:—

The Hon. ROBERT TOOMBS, Milledgeville, Ga.:

In reply to your dispatch, I regret to say that arms, intended for and consigned to the State of Georgia, have been seized by the police of this State, but that the City of New York should in no way be made responsible for the outrage.

As Mayor, I have no authority over the police. If I had the power, I should summarily punish the authors of this illegal and unjustifiable seizure of private property.

FERNANDO WOOD.

COULD SEE TO PEEL A DOUGHNUT.—Hugh Henry, a former President of the Vermont Valley Railroad, while attending the recent session of the Legislature at Montpelier made a remark to a friend that he "was a little deaf, but could see as well as ever." He afterwards went to the hotel for dinner; and after being seated, stuck his fork into a doughnut, and commenced to peel it, supposing it to be a potato. Young Meade, the Brattleboro' sculptor, being a witness of the "optical illusion," retired, and produced a life-like sketch of Mr. Henry, while in the act of peeling the doughnut, and underneath was the following inscription:—"I am a little deaf, but can see as well as ever."

☞ God often punishes men's disobedience to their parents in kind; a wicked wretch dragged his old father along the house; the father begged of him not to draw him beyond such a place; for, said he, I dragged my father no farther.

☞ At Eton once, a boy rendered "Scipio Africanus," "an African walking-stick." Dr. Keate, the head-master, roared out in a rage, "Sit down, sir; you are too great a fool to be flogged."

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, '68		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	[illegible]	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	97½	98
" " new	101¼	101½
" 5 "	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct,	—	
" County	40	—
Penn 6 pr ct,	96	—
" 5 "	90½	—
Tenn 6 "	—	—
" 5 coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct,	—	95
Missouri "	—	—
Ohio " 1886	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct,	—	88½
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct		
loan, '82	—	66½
imp, 6 pr ct	90	—
stock	—	8
preferred	—	17½
Lehigh Nav stock	47	48
mort 6 pr ct	100	—
scrip	32	33½
Morris Consol'd	50	52½
preferred	108	—
Ches & Del	35	—
bonds	—	85
Union	—	—
bonds	15	20

	Bid.	Asked.
Sus & Tidewater	4	—
bonds, 1878	—	77
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	—	100½
2nd "	88	89
stock	37½	38
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	90	96
stock	112	113
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	82	—
mort 6's '44	—	91½
" '86	71	72
stock	22½	22¾
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	35½	36
6 pr ct loan, '80	90	—
Elmira 7's 1st mort	65	—
2nd "	23	24
stock	6	6½
Catawissa	3	3½
Beaver Meadow stock	59½	60
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	8½	8¾
6 pr ct loan	66	—
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	—	48½
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Erie R R stock	30½	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	78½	—
Michigan Central	—	—
Illinois "	81	—
Michigan Southern	13½	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January 26, 1861.

Alabama	10 dis.	Missouri	8 dis.
Canada	1½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par to ¼ dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	5 dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	10 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	8 dis.	North Carolina	8 dis.
Indiana	1½ to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	— dis.
Iowa	10 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky	1½ dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	2½ dis.	South Carolina	— dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	8 dis.
Maryland	2 to 4 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	2½ dis.	Virginia	8 dis.
Minnesota		Wisconsin	5 dis.
Mississippi	—		

NEWS ITEMS.

A Lady in St. Louis, over fifty-seven years of age, has just had twins—the first children during a marriage of thirty-one years. The case, we do not believe, has a parallel in the history of the century; and we doubt very much whether, outside of the Bible, can be found the relation of a similar one.

A most singular circumstance is told by one of the Hartford papers. We must believe it, on that authority, or it would be pronounced incredible. A man went into a store in that city, a few nights since, and showing two five dollar bills on the State Bank, inquired anxiously if they were good. Being convinced they were, he was greatly surprised, as they had been paid him by a debtor who had never been dunned. He couldn't understand the joke, if the bills were not counterfeit; nor can anybody else.

An amusing incident connected with a sharp landlord and a teachable tenant, is told by the Hartford Times, as follows: "A man hired a house in Hartford, some time ago, on a lease, one of the conditions of which was, that if the rent was not paid within five days of the expiration of each month, the house should be vacated. After occupying about six months, the tenant found another place that suited him better, and requested from his landlord a release from his bargain. He was refused, and told to confine himself strictly to the terms of the lease, which he did by neglecting payment for his month's rent, and then vacating."

Gov. Slade, of Vermont, sent 20 schoolmistresses out to Oregon, three years ago, paying their expenses out, and guaranteeing them employment—with the condition that any one of them who abandoned school-teaching and married, within the year, should pay a fine of $500. Eighteen of the twenty paid the fine, one died, and the twentieth married a week after her year was out. So Gov. Slade furnished the Oregonians with several wives, but very few female school-teachers.

On a mango tree under which Gen. Havelock is buried, a rudely-cut piece of tin is nailed, bearing the following words scratched upon it:—"On this spot lie the remains of Gen. Havelock. May he rest in peace." This is all that marks the grave of the hero of Lucknow. This is the end of glory.

New Material for Paper-Making.—M. de Paravey has written to the Academy of Sciences to state that the knee-holly (*ruscus azaleatus*) is universally employed throughout Thibet and India for manufacturing paper.—He suggests that in the present dearth of materials for paper-making, it might be advantageously used for the same purpose in France, the plant being extremely common in that country.

A Hungarian journal relates the following singular manner in which a tax-payer replied to an application made to him by a collector. Giving the official a blow with his fist, which crushed his hat: "That is the poll-tax; another blow in the breast he called the land-tax; a third in the stomach, the tax on consumption; and finished with a general pummeling, which he called the additional centimes."

Dangerous Mission Abolished.—The Rhenish Missionary Society has resolved not to revive the mission to South Borneo. Last May seven missionaries were murdered, every station, with its schools and churches, was plundered and burnt, the native Christians persecuted and dispersed, and the society lost £3,000. The mission, established in 1836, consisted, in 1859, of ten stations under eleven missionaries, 435 members of the church, 1,295 pupils, and 700 manumitted slaves. The agents who escaped massacre are to begin operations in Sumatra.

It has been decided by the Supreme Court at Rochester, N. Y., that intemperance is no bar to the recovery of life insurance. The case involved $5,000, which the company is ordered to pay.

In New York city, the police authorities stopped thirty-eight cases (seventy-six dozen) of arms, which were being shipped to Savannah. The sellers, under the recent charge of Judge Smalley, are liable to indictment for treason.

A "Fast" Lady.—A few days ago Lady Charlotte Chetwynd made a wager to ride from Grendonhall, Atherston, to Cliff House, six miles distant, in twenty-five minutes. Her ladyship, notwithstanding the bad state of the road, performed her undertaking with fifty-eight seconds to spare.—*London Paper.*

Whittington and His Dog.—The Prince of Wales has been cheated out of the affections of his dog, presented by the people of Newfoundland. When on board ship a boy was put to look after him. He got so fond of the boy that he would not take notice of the Prince. The morning they came into Plymouth, the Prince gave the boy £5 and took the dog out of the ship; but as fast as they did so the dog jumped on board again. The Prince was at last obliged to take the boy to London, and he stopped there five days. The Queen gave him £15 and a suit of clothes. He returned to Plymouth, and was there but one day, when he had to be sent for, because the dog would not eat. The boy sold his sailor's clothes, and thinks he is a gentleman for life.

An address to the Queen of England for a separate Irish Parliament, and the right of self-government, has already received over 30,000 signatures in Ireland.

Colt's pistol and rifle factory is running 24 hours' time, with a double set of hands, at Hartford, Connecticut. Orders from the South are multiplying.

The Senate of Rhode Island has repealed the "Personal Liberty Bill" of that State, by a vote of 21 yeas to 9 nays. The House concurred in the Senate Bill—yeas 40, nays 18.

A most extraordinary fact has just occurred in the neighborhood of Counteville, France. The daughter of a fisherman, Marie C., who married about a year ago John D., a negro sailor, native of an English colony, has just given birth to twins, a girl and a boy. The former is white like the mother, the latter black like the father.

Taxes in Mississippi.—The Louisville Journal says that a tax of $12 has been imposed upon every slave in Mississippi, and unless the tax is paid immediately, the negro is to be confiscated to the public use.

Cure for Diptheria.—A lady of Port Byron, Cayuga county, New York, has cured six children (five of them her own) of diptheria by the following remedy:—"When the symptoms are first discovered, take Spanish flies, pound and mix with Venice turpentine, spread it on a piece of soft cloth and bind it over the throat, which will raise a blister, and soon remove the disease from the throat."—*Farmers' and Miners' Journal.*

A celebrated entomologist, who has made a special study of the structure and habits of spiders, states that there is not a single authentic case on record of a person being killed, or seriously injured, by the bite of a spider; all the stories about the fatal bite of the famous tarantula being simply fables. These insects are, however, exceedingly ferocious in their fights with each other; their duels invariably ending in the death of one of the combatants.

Cleveland, Jan. 23.—In the case of the fugitive slave girl Lucy, the defence was withdrawn to-day, and she will be returned to Virginia to-morrow morning.

The Concord (N. H.) *Patriot* says it is not true that ex-President Pierce has sold out all his bank stocks and all his stocks of every description, and converted the proceeds into specie, which he has deposited specially in a bank in Concord.

In the Georgia Convention, the Federal ordinance against the African slave trade, was so amended as to substitute, for the declaration of piracy, an imprisonment in the penitentiary for violation of the former Federal laws. It was then passed unanimously.

New Jersey.—Resolutions appointing commissioners to meet those of Virginia, and in favor of the Crittenden or some other concession, passed the New Jersey House by yeas 31 to 11 nays. Amendments offered by the Republicans were voted down.

☞ A witty man who lived in constant fear of the bailiffs, having absconded, one of his acquaintances was asked what was the reason of his absence; to which he replied, "Why, sir, I *apprehend* he was *apprehensive* of being *apprehended*."

☞ A man who commits suicide does a rash act; but he who eats bacon for breakfast does a rasher.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been depressed and dull this week, with sales of some 9000 bbls in lots, at $5,37½@5,50 for superfine, $5,62½ for better brands, $5,62½@5,75 for extra, and $6@6,25 for family Flour, as in quality, including 3000 bbls of the latter, part Diamond mills, on terms kept private, and 1200 bbls Brandywine at $6 ℘ bbl. The sales to the trade range at the above figures for superfine and extras, and $6,50@7 ℘ bbl for fancy brands, and not much doing. Rye Flour is also dull, with small receipts and sales at $4 ℘ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, but sales of 1200 bbls Penn's Meal are reported at $3 ℘ bbl, which is the uniform asking rate for this description.

GRAIN—There has been rather more Wheat offering this week, and prices, under a limited demand, both for shipment and milling, are rather lower, with sales of 25,000 bus, at from $1,28 to $1,33 for fair to good and prime Western and Pennsylvania reds, mostly at $1,30@1,32c, including some fair to good Southern do at $1,30@1,35, and white in lots at from $1,40 to $1,50, as in quality—the latter for prime Southern and Kentucky, mostly in store. Rye is also dull, and rather lower, with sales of Pennsylvania and New York in lots at 75@76c. Corn—The demand is less active, with sales of 20,000 bushels to note, mostly new Southern yellow, at 63@65c, closing at 64c for dry lots, in the cars, which is a decline; old has been selling at 70@72c, as in quality. Oats are less inquired for, and rather lower, with sales of 15,000 bus, at 33½@34c for Southern, and 34@35c for Penn'a. Of Barley, further sales of New York are reported at 75c. Barley Malt ranges at 85@95c. Of Mill Feed, further sales have been made at $19@21 ℘ ton—the latter for fine.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product generally continues on the advance. Some further sales of Mess Pork are reported at $18@18¼, including 200 bbls city packed at the latter rate. Beef is steady at $12@14 for City Mess; 100 tcs Western Beef Hams sold at $14, 60 days. Bacon is moving off in lots as wanted at 11@13c for plain and fancy Hams; 10¼@10½c for Sides, and 8¾c for Shoulders, cash and short time. Green Meats are more inquired for; sales of Hams are reported at 8¾@9¼c in salt and pickle; Sides in salt at 9¼@9½c, and Shoulders at 7¼@7½c, usual terms, now held at the latter rates; 300 boxes middles, rib in, sold at 9¾c. Of Lard the receipts and sales continue light at 10¼@10¾c for tcs and bbls, and 11½@11¾c for kegs, cash and time. Butter continues dull, and roll sells slowly at 13@14c; packed is quoted at 9@10c, and little or nothing doing. Cheese sells at 10@11c ℘ ℔, as in quality. Eggs are lower and worth 17c ℘ doz.

COTTON—The market has been very quiet, the week's sales reaching about 800 bales, in lots, mostly Uplands, within the range of 11¼@14½c, cash and time.

BARK—There is some little demand for Quercitron at $25 for 1st No 1, but there is very little offering, and holders generally ask more.

BEESWAX is generally held above the views of buyers, 31@32c being the asking rates for good Yellow.

COAL—The market is very quiet, and prices about the same. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ℘ ton $3,60; Prepared do $3,60; Red Ash do $3,80; Lehigh do $3,75; Prepared do $3,75; by retail do $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared do $4,25.

COFFEE—The market is firm and rather more active, and all the recent arrivals of Rio, some 5000 bags, have been disposed of at from 11c to 13c, as in quality, on the usual terms. Some small lots of Laguayra also sold at 13½@14c, on time.

COPPER continues dull and unsettled, with a small business only to note in Yellow Metal at about previous rates.

FEATHERS move off as wanted at 45@48c, as to lots; the demand continues limited.

FRUIT—A large sale of Unpared Peaches is reported at 5@5½c ℘ ℔. Apples sell slowly at 3@3½c. No change in Green Apples or Cranberries, and but little doing in the way of sales. Some sales of Southern Peanuts are reported at $1,50@1,62½ ℘ bus.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS—The demand continues very limited at 28@32c for new crop Eastern and Western. The stock is light, and old Hops very dull.

IRON—There is no new feature in the market, and a small business only to note in both Pig and manufactured Iron at about previous quotations; prices are nominally unchanged, but there is very little inquiry for future delivery.

LEAD—We hear of no movement in Pig Lead to establish quotations, which are nearly nominal.

LUMBER—There is little or nothing doing in the way of sales, and prices rule about the same.

MOLASSES—There is a firm feeling in the market, and small sales of New Orleans are reported at 36@37c, on the usual terms; some holders ask more.

RICE is firm, with small sales at 3¼@4c ℘ ℔, the latter for prime lots.

SEEDS—There has been more activity in Cloverseed, and prices are better; sales and resales of 4000 bus are reported at from $4,75 to $5,25,—mostly at $5@5,25 ℘ bus for good and prime lots; including some at 8¾c ℘ ℔. Timothy is selling as wanted at $2,25@2,37½ ℘ bus. Domestic Flaxseed is held at $1,45, and little or nothing doing. 1000 sacks Red Top sold on terms kept private, to go out of the market.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin remain quiet but without any change to note in prices. N. E. Rum is steady at 33@34c. Whiskey is dull and rather lower; Pennsylvania bbls selling at 18c; Ohio do 18½; drudge 17@17½c and hhds at 17½@18c.

SUGARS continue dull, and some 600 hhds Cuba and New Orleans, mostly of the latter, found buyers in lots at 6@7c, on the usual terms; the market closing quiet.

TALLOW is unchanged, with further sales of city rendered to note at 10¼@10½c ℘ ℔.

TOBACCO—Business is very inactive and the market without any material change, the sales being confined to a few small lots of Leaf and Manufactured at about previous rates.

WOOL—There is a moderate inquiry for this staple, and some 90,000 ℔s, mostly Fleece, have been disposed of in lots within the range of quotations—the market closing quiet.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1387 head and were disposed of at from $7 to 9,50 ℘ cwt. 80 Cows brought from $25 to 50 ℘ head. The number of Sheep disposed of was 5000; they realized from 4½ to 5½c ℘ ℔, gross weight. 1825 Hogs sold at $7½ to 8¼ ℘ cwt, net.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Jan. 26.—FLOUR firm; sales of 9000 bbls at $5,15@5,25 for State; $5,65@5,80 for Ohio, and $5,80@6,00 for Southern. Wheat firm; 30,000 bus sold; red Western 132½c, white 145@150c. Corn firm; 25,600 bus sold; yellow 67@68c, and white Southern 73c. Whiskey dull at 18½c.

GOLD! GOLD!—Full instructions how to win the lasting and undying love of the opposite sex; rich or poor, young or old, you can win. With full instructions in the art of Ventriloquism, Mesmerism, and how to produce Spirit Rappings, and talk with the world of spirits; and 300 secrets that you must keep as long as you live. If you want to make your eternal fortune, send $1 in a letter and get this book (postage paid). Address J. F. JAGGERS,
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday, Jan. 24th, at White Clay Creek Church, New Castle county, Del. by the Rev. J. L. Valandigham, Jonathan F. W. Deininger, of Reading, Pa. to Amanda, daughter of Samuel Allen, Esq. of White Clay Creek.

On Dec. 9th, 1860, by the Rev. W. H. Luckenbach, Mr. Franklin T. Stopp, to Miss Mary Anna Smith, daughter of Jos. H. Smith, both of this city.

By the Rev. Samuel Dorborow, Mr. George H. Lehman, to Miss Martha T. Sharp, both of this city.

January 10th, by the Rev. Wm. Coxey, Mr. Samuel H. Freas, to Miss Bella Mattis, both of Plymouth.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Samuel Hall Cramp, to Harriet Alice Riter, both of this city.

On the 8th of Nov. 1860, by the Rev. W. Cooper, Pastor of St. John's M. E. Church, Mr. William H. Shannon, to Miss Josephine Walker, both of this city.

On the 3d ultimo, by the Rev. A. T. Spalding, Mr. William Tomlinson, Jr. to Miss Sarah A. Highland, both of West Philadelphia.

On the 21st ultimo, at Norristown, by the Rev. Chas. A. Baer, Pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Samuel G. Harrington, to Wilhelmina J. Lehman, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Friday morning, 25th ultimo, John Albert, son of John F. Schell, in his 20th year.

On the 19th ultimo, Sarah Frances, youngest daughter of Andw. R. and Sarah A. Chambers, in her 16th year.

On the evening of the 20th ultimo, Charles Spence, son of Robert and Elizabeth Glendinning, aged 18 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Walter Heugh, in his 20th year.

Suddenly, on the 20th ultimo, James Wilson, in his 70th year.

On the 14th ultimo, at the residence of her son, Gabriel B. Du Val, of Montgomery, Ala. after a short illness, Mrs. Ellen Du Val, of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, Rebecca E. wife of Hanson L. Withers, and eldest daughter of Eli K. Price, Esq. in her 32d year.

On the 20th ultimo, Thomas J. Dickson, in his 40th year.

On the 19th ultimo, Mrs. Louisa Dowling, widow of the late Jos. Dowling, in her 42 year.

On Sunday, the 20th ultimo, William R. Gibson, aged 38 years.

ADVICE TO THE UNEMPLOYED.

A CANDID BOOK AGENT writes us as follows:—"I would advise all who would like a certain and well paying business, to canvass for the AUBURN PUBLISHING COMPANY. I have been so employed the last year, and have made, clear of all expenses, over $1200, and am doing better now than ever before. Their books are the most saleable, the most interesting and useful, and the best bound, of any I have ever examined." This man writes the truth; and you can do just as well if you will send for their Confidential Circular to
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These celebrated Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at 294 Canal Street, New York, Dr. Brandreth's Office, and by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 218 North Second Street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. fe2-2t

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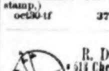

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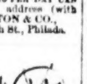

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TRAVELLING AGENTS WANTED.—To sell a new and valuable Machine, on salary or commission. For terms, address, with stamp inclosed, J. W. HARRIS & CO.,
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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Amalgamation of Languages.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

'ardly Realized.

Hi 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon, hand I stepped into the hapothecaries, hand says hi to the man, "Can you hease me of an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard," says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'ad an 'eadache.

☞ Headache is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention, till too late to be remedied; and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz.: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common, and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *Sick Headache*, of hepatic disease, constituting *Bilious Headache*, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches; Anæmia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *Nervous Headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health, and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia*.

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

Bridget.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Glue, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's not just it naither; but perhaps ye'll be afther knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of that same as relaived her before.

Druggist.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

Bridget.—Och! sure now and you've sed it, here's the quarter and giv me the Pills and don't be all day about it aither.

Constipation or Costiveness.

No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent, so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Often originating in carelessness, or sedentary habits; it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave.—Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant, are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles, and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases, such as Malignant Fevers, Abscesses, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hysteria, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originate in Constipation, but take on an independent existence unless the the cause is eradicated in an early stage. From all these considerations it follows that the disorder should receive immediate attention whenever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insidious approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.

A Real Blessing.

Physician.—Well, Mrs. Jones, how is that headache?

Mrs. Jones.—Gone! Doctor, all gone! the pill you sent cured me in just twenty minutes, and I wish you would send more, so that I can have them handy.

Physician.—You can get them at any Druggist's. Call for Cephalic Pills. I find they never fail, and I recommend them in all cases of Headache.

Mrs. Jones.—I shall send for a box directly, and shall tell all my suffering friends, for they are a *real blessing*.

Fact Worth Knowing.—Spalding's Cephalic Pills are a certain cure for Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Nervous Headache, Costiveness and General Debility.

CEPHALIC PILLS.
CURE SICK HEADACHE!
CEPHALIC PILLS.
CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE!
CEPHALIC PILLS.
CURE ALL KINDS OF HEADACHE!

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness*.

For *Literary Men, Students*, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach*.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the

PRICE 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar Street, New York
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HOMES FOR THE INDUSTRIOUS,
IN THE
GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.
THE
ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY
HAVE FOR SALE
1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH
FARMING LANDS,
In
TRACTS OF FORTY ACRES AND UPWARD,
On
LONG CREDIT AND AT LOW PRICES.

The attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY, which, as they will perceive, will enable them, by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families, with, comparatively speaking, very little capital.

I. LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all of the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, Corn and Wheat, as the Prairies of Illinois.

II. EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads, and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

III. RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroad system of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several of these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State Expenses, the TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must, consequently, every day decrease.

IV. THE STATE DEBT.

The State Debt is only $10,105,398 14, and, within the last three years, has been reduced $2,959,746 80; and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.

V. PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population; 868,026 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,719,496—a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

VI. AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The Products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tuns. The wheat crop of 1860 approaches 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

VII. FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep, rich loam, the fertility of which is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

VIII. TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the Company have sold 1,300,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed through these lands at an expense of $30,000,000. In 1850, the population of the forty-nine counties through which it passes was only 335,598 since which 479,293 have been added, making the whole population 814,891—a gain of 143 per cent.

IX. EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tuns of freight, including 8,600,000 bushels of grain and 250,000 barrels of flour were forwarded over the line last year.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre, according to location, quality, &c.—First-class farming lands sell for about $10 or $12 per acre; and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with wood land is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former.—The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE

at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five, and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six, and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one-tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from the date of sale, so that at the end of five years one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

TWENTY PER CENT. WILL BE DEDUCTED from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment, can be had on application to
J. W. FOSTER, LAND COMMISSIONER,
ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD,
Chicago, Illinois.

For the names of the Towns, Villages and Cities situated upon the Illinois Central Railroad see pages 188, 189, 190, Appleton's Railway Guide.
jan 12-4t

SILVER WARE.

We have now on hand a large assortment of Silver Ware, comprising Plain and Fancy patterns of *Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Cream and Sugar Spoons, Butter Knives, and Napkin Rings, &c., &c.* The above articles made for our own sales, are *warranted equal to coin*, and sold at the lowest prices. CASSIDY & BALL,
No. 12 South Second St.,
dec 15-tf 5th door below Market (West side.)

WHAT SHALL I DO FOR MY HAIR? Use LYON'S KATHAIRON. It is, beyond question, the finest preparation ever made.—Its immense sale proves its excellence.—Nothing has ever given such universal satisfaction. It restores, preserves, and beautifies the Hair, and imparts a delightful odor. Sold by all dealers for 25 cents a bottle. jan26-4t

CANCERS, TUMORS, WENS, ULCERS, &c., permanently cured without surgical operations. Also Scrofula, Hip Disease, White Swelling, Goitre and Chronic Diseases generally very successfully treated by letter or otherwise. Pamphlet on the Treatment and Cure of Cancers, &c., *sent free*, to any part of the country.
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SENT FREE, *for the benefit of Nervous Sufferers.* THE WARNING VOICE, on the self-cure of Debility, Confusion of Ideas, &c.; by a Former Sufferer—containing, also, an Exposure of the Impositions and Deceptions practiced by quacks. Including stamp, simply address, Box 3818, Boston, Mass. jan 12-4t

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JOHN MILLIKEN,
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Wit and Humor.

ANECDOTES.

The Armstrong Gun.—One of the small States of Germany having, on account of the unsettled appearance of the European horizon, determined to put its army upon a war footing, resolved as a means toward that end, to purchase the most improved weapons of war, and accordingly procured an Armstrong gun upon trial. Having got the gun, a great difficulty arose—they had no place to put up the target. Their own space of territory was not large enough; and as none of the neighboring States were willing to allow it to be put up in theirs, the trial had to be foregone.

Eating the Boxing.—Bridget, just arrived from sweet Erin, and snugly ensconsed with a genteel family as maid-of-all-work, sat down to her first meal. Having diminished the substantials, she came to apple pie. It was something entirely new to her. She viewed it from all quarters, and examined it very minutely. She then removed the upper crust, and commenced eating the apple, carefully scraping it from the under crust. Her mistress observed her, and said,

"Bridget, why do you eat the pie in that manner?"

A little startled, Bridget looked up, and exclaimed,

"Does ye think I'd be ateing the boxing?"

Sensible Question.—There is a convent of the Sisters of Providence within a few miles of my residence, and, as I have a daughter there at school, I frequently visit it. On one occasion I took my little son, some four years old, with me. He seemed very much interested in all he saw; but, contrary to his usual custom, he said very little. I at last asked him how he liked the appearance of the Sisters and the house. His answer was: "I like it all very well, mamma; but I have not seen any men since we came here. Where do they keep their *husbands*?"

Western Customs.—Scene at an eating station on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad:—

An Eastern gentleman, not accustomed to the "roughing it," as it is usually termed out West, sits down to dinner, and was very particular in having plates changed for dessert. Not having them returned, he helped himself to a plate near by, and repeatedly asked the landlady for knife and fork. To her inquiry what he would have for dinner, he replied that he had eaten, but wanted a knife and fork. To his utter astonishment, and the company present, she cried out, in a voice not unlike that of a miniature steam-engine:

"Wa'al, neow, stranger! you aire the fust man I ever did seed who aite his dinner without nary nife or fork! Whar was you brot up, *say*?"

Cheating Going On.—The next comes from a correspondent in Monroe, Louisiana:

Some years ago a game of poker was being played in this place. Jim C—— was in it, and during the game contrived to steal the four aces and lay them on his knee, to be played at the proper time. The player who sat next to him saw the move, and slipping the aces from their hiding-place, put four other cards in their stead. When Jim's turn came to deal, he called on all hands to go blind. "I'll go over all of you." When all were in deep enough to suit him, he reached for his aces, and brought up something else. Throwing his cards on the table, in a tone of indignation, he exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I can't play in this game.—There's cheating going on!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

AN INGENIOUS REBUKE.

A general officer, who was in early life addicted to profane oaths, dated his reformation from a remarkable check he received from a Scotch clergyman.

When he was lieutenant, and settled in Newcastle, he got involved in a brawl with some of the lowest clats in the public streets; the altercation was carried on by both parties with abundance of impious language.

"Oh, John! John! what is this I hear? You only a poor collier-boy, and swearing like any laird! Oh, John! have you no fear of what will become of you? It may do very well for the gallant gentleman (pointing to the lieutenant) to bang and swear as he pleases, but for you—you, John, it is not for you to take in vain the name of Him in whom you live and have your being."

Then, turning to the young lieutenant, he said—

"You'll excuse the poor man, sir, for he's an ignorant body, and kens nae better."

The young officer shrunk away in confusion, unable to make any reply.

Next day he waited on the minister, and thanked him very sincerely for his well-timed reproof, and was ever after an example of purity in language.

Twenty-Four Hours Older.—Alphonse Karr, hearing, one day, an infantile musical prodigy, about which everybody was in raptures, said, coldly, to a friend at his elbow—

"Well, I don't like him so well as last night."

"Why?" quoth his friend, "he has played better to-day than yesterday!"

"It is most true," answered the eccentric critic; "but then he is twenty-four hours older!"

Not Far Out of the Way.—Minnie was one day talking to her little class in Sunday School, about God's great love to man.—Wishing to impress it upon their minds, and to know whether they understood her, she asked:

"Now, children, who loves all men?"

The question was hardly asked, before a little girl, not four years old, answered quickly—

"All women!"

☞ The following startling announcement figures in the window of a cafe at Paris:—"Here we spike the English."

Unsophisticated.—A good deacon recently addressing a Sabbath school, made a point by the following anecdote:—

"Children," continued the deacon, "you all know that I went to the Legislature last year. Well I got to Augusta, and took dinner at a tavern; right beside me, at the table, sat a member from one of the back towns, that had never taken dinner before at a tavern in his life. Before his plate was a dish of peppers, and he kept looking at them; and finally, as the waiters were mighty slow bringing on things, he up with his fork and in less than no time soused one in his mouth. As he brought his grinders down on it, the tears came into his eyes. At last, spitting the pepper into his hands, he laid it down by the side of his plate—and with a voice that set the whole table in a roar, exclaimed: 'Jist lie thar and cool!'"

USE AND ABUSE OF EYESIGHT.

Adjustment of Light.

Very few give any attention to this subject until warned by evidences of the failure of eyesight. This warning is often practically too late. Light may be deficient, or may be excessive in quantity. The introduction of gas into our private houses has undoubtedly produced injury to the vision, on account of its extreme brilliancy, but oftener far on account of its misapplication and mismanagement. The argand burner furnishes light of as good a quality, and a flame as steady, as can be procured in any way. If properly shaded and guarded, no better light need be desired. Several of our eminent jurists, who have much experience in night work, prefer sperm or wax candles. There is no doubt that great improvements will yet be introduced, so that the gas flame will be made to furnish a light more like the white light of day, and more steady. It must of necessity be concentrated, and for this reason be less excellent than daylight; besides, it lacks the chromatic constituents of the light which the sun supplies.

The Bed-Room.

The window of the bed-room should not look towards the rising sun. Unless designing to rise before the sun is up, the bed-room window looking toward the east should be carefully protected by a shutter or blind. We have a case of serious opthalmia now under our care, which owed its origin to a short exposure to sunlight before rising in the morning. Such cases are not unfrequent. For the same reason—namely, that the pupil is in a dilated condition, and therefore unprepared for the accession of light—evil results have occurred from gazing at the moon or an eclipse, viewing panoramas, and other similar exposures.

Shades for Gas.

When gas is used, it should never be unshaded. The shade should be diaphanous; it should never be made of thick paper, or tin, or any opaque substance, nor should it ever be lined with a reflecting material.

We have suggested a shade of "blue barege," or "tissue," which being cut of the proper shape, it can be readily drawn over the ordinary wire frame which is sold in the shops, to sustain the common paper shade.—This contrivance is employed, and gives much satisfaction in several of our seminaries of learning.

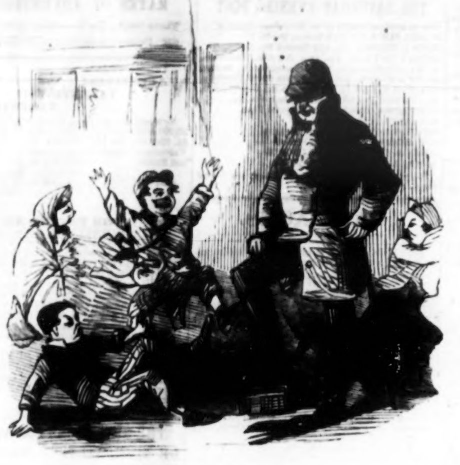
Bad Habits.

Looking at panoramas, fireworks, lightning, reading by the light of the moon, or at twilight, the use of the telescope or the microscope, are all dangerous modes of employing the eyes. On this subject we might say much, if space afforded. There are two methods of injuring the eye by the false direction of light, which we must pause to mention: that is, reading by a side-light, or while lying in bed. The universality of the first habit has led to the frequent observation among occulists that the left eye is most apt to be diseased. The evil effects of the latter are illustrated in the case of a patient who has applied to us while writing this page. He has asthenopia in the left eye, caused by reading in bed while lying upon his right side. It is true, the light should come over the left shoulder, but it should fall from above, and the head should be erect.

Lights in Churches.

We do not know of a better place than this to enter our protest against the method of lighting churches. We are often told by our patients that it takes half the week to recover from the effects of the gas light on Sabbath evening. The subject of deranged vision must enter the church, after having passed through darkness from his own lighted home, to meet a glaring, dazzling light wherever he turns his eyes. If he would look at the preacher, he must endure the ordeal of facing argand burners or gas jets, shining directly in his eyes. Surely on this subject there is too little consideration.

Afflictions.—A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind him was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to his skin. At this he was vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey. He soon reached the borders of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber with levelled gun, aiming at him, and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet by the rain the gun did not go off, and the merchant, giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself: "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently as sent by Providence! If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not, probably, have been alive at this hour, and my little children would have expected my return in vain. The rain which caused me to murmur came at a fortunate moment, to save my life and preserve my property." It is thus with a multitude of our afflictions; by causing us slight and short sufferings, they preserve us from others far greater, and of longer duration.



STUNNING.

Our friend Applesks, who has heard of "Alligator-skin boots," gets up what he conceives to be about the thing, to the terror of boot-black boys in the Park.—*Vanity Fair.*

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step's enough for me.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

A NEW USE FOR DEAD SNAKES.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, the veteran anatomist, Jules Cloquet, exhibited a pair of boots, the leather of which he warmly praised for its strength, pliability, and great beauty. Very curious, indeed, was that leather, very beautiful. Mottled like the skin of a snake, scale-marked also like the skin of a snake, the anatomist's boots looked altogether snaky. Nor were they otherwise than they looked. "I do not think," said the anatomist, "half enough attention has been given to the manufacture of leather from the skins of the lower animals. We have gone on tanning the hides of mammalia—warm-blooded, milk-giving animals—but the hides of none else. These very beautiful boots of mine," continued he, "are manufactured out of the tanned skin of a boa-constrictor." Thereupon did the renowned anatomist grow rapturous on the admirable qualities of his snake boots. Their beauty was visible to the eye, their pliability and easy fit may be taken for granted, considering the accommodating nature of a live snake's skin. One day the poor half-starved animal is thin and shrivelled, the next (being gorged) is plump, bloated, and swollen. Its skin is india-rubber like, for accommodating elasticity. This good quality, as it seems, is retained in the leather. Profiting by the occasion, the professor also exhibited to his brother *savans* a pair of boots of Norwegian manufacture, the material being the skin of a salmon; and the circumstance was mentioned as one of hearsay only, that in certain of the Southern States of the North American Union, the skins of young alligators were tanned, converted into leather, and the leather manufactured into boots. We are enabled to confirm that hearsay. The Americans *do* tan the hides of alligators and turn the leather to account. We ourselves have seen alligator leather here in London. French Guiana is a great place, it seems, for boa-constrictors. Hitherto the desire has been to destroy the race mercilessly. Who knows whether it may not be found desirable to encourage the breed of boa-constrictors for the sake of their tanned hides? [Boots made out of alligator-skin are kept for sale in this city. They are considered waterproof.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

"It Runs in the Blood!"—A certain King had a son born to him. The astrologers predicted that he would lose his sight if he were permitted to see either the sun or a woman before he had reached the age of ten years; on which account the King had him watched and brought up in dark caverns. After ten years were elapsed, he caused him to be brought out, and showed him the world, and placed before him many fine jewels and fair damsels—telling him the names of every thing, and that the damsels were demons. Being asked what he liked the best, he replied, "The demons please me more than all the rest." The King then marvelled greatly, saying, "What a poweful thing is female beauty!"

Death by the Guillotine.—This mode of execution has been designated as the best of all; combining the greatest impression on the spectator with the least possible suffering to the victim. It is so rapid as to make it difficult to say whether there is any real suffering about it; but from the expression of countenance on some occasions when the executioner holds up the head, some persons have been inclined to believe that sense and consciousness may remain for a few seconds after the head is off. The eyes have then seemed to retain speculation for a moment or so, and there was a look in the ghastly glance they threw upon the crowd that the head was aware of its horrible situation.

☞ Of those who took part in the Revolutionary War, and have been receiving pensions, but 86 survive.

Penguins.—The penguins are, perhaps, of all others the birds that most widely depart from the ordinary type of their class. Their wings are adapted exclusively for motion in water, and they swim with such rapidity and perseverance, with the head alone out of water, that they frequently overtake fishes in fair pursuit. They live in the sea, and have been met with a thousand miles from the nearest known land. The larger birds of this kind sometimes weigh as much as eighty pounds, and in their stomachs have been found ten pounds' weight of pebbles and large stones, swallowed, no doubt, to assist the gizzard to pound up the food submitted to its action.

Greedy Fellows.—A Burman is not very particular in his food; he will eat almost anything. Mr. Lanciego told me that, on one of these visits, his followers observed him eating some cheese, and in prowling about the ship they presently came upon what they took be be a similar delicacy, but which, to their grief, turned out to be a bar of yellow soap. They did not discover their mistake, nor discontinue their attacks upon it, until their mouths were foaming with the lather, and in utter astonishment at their master's predilection for such nastiness.—*Personal Narrative of Two Years' Imprisonment in Burmah. By Henry Gouger.*

☞ The laboring people of New England have seventy-five millions of dollars in the Savings Banks.

Useful Receipts.

To Clean Printed Paper and Picture Prints.—Fasten the paper to a board with button drawing pins, then wash it with water, in which is dissolved an ounce of carbonate of ammonia to every pint of water. This do with care, employing a camel's hair brush for the purpose. Then rinse the paper well with plenty of fresh water. When dry, repeat the same process for the reverse side of the paper. Now wet the paper with water made sour with white vinegar. Finally, wet the paper with water containing a little bleaching powder, and again rinse with clean water; then dry it by exposure to air and sunshine. It will become white, excepting where printed. To stiffen the print give it a coat of parchment size. Most valuable prints have been thus "restored."

To Clean Silk.—Silk cleaned by the following method has not the appearance of being cleaned:—Quarter of a pound of honey, quarter of a pound of soap, two wine-glasses of gin, three gills of boiling water. Mix and let stand until blood-warm. Spread the silk on a clean table, with a cloth under it—there must be no gathers. Dip a nail-brush into the mixture and rub the silk well, especially where there are stains, or the most dirt or spots, and with a sponge wet the whole breadth generally, and rub gently. Then rinse the silk in cold soft water; hang it up to drain.

To Make Unleavened Bread.—Take one quart of bran flour, one teaspoonful sugar, a little salt. Mix with cold water into a stiff dough; a little corn meal is an improvement. Spread it into a thin loaf; bake in a quick, hot oven.

Red Ink.—Make your red ink in the following manner: boil four ounces of Brazil-wood in a quart of water, then add a little gum-arabic, sugar-candy, and alum; let the whole then boil a quarter of an hour longer. Thus you will procure a beautiful and durable red ink.

To Remove the Smell of Paint from a Room.—Place a vessel full of lighted charcoal in the middle of the room, and throw on it two or three handfuls of juniper-berries; shut the windows, the chimney, and the door close. Twenty-four hours after the room may be opened, when it will be found that the sickly, unwholesome smell will be entirely gone. The smoke of the juniper-berry possesses this advantage, that should anything be left in the room, such as tapestry, &c., none of it will be injured.

To Clean the Eye.—When particles of dirt or anything of the kind get into the eye, take a teaspoonful of flour and a little milk or water, and stir together, making a dough of it; then press it upon the eye-ball gently where the particles lie, and it brings the dirt out without any trouble. C. M. B.

Jonah Not a Tobacco-Chewer.—A preacher, whose text led him to speak of the prophet Jonah, remarked incidentally:—

"I am of opinion Jonah was an old man, neither smoking nor chewing, from the fact that the fish retained him so long in his stomach. If the fish had swallowed the house we are worshipping in, he would, no doubt, have puked himself to death."

Agricultural.

GALLS AND WOUNDS IN HORSES.

Galls of the Skin.—A horse newly put to work, and working in a new harness, or under a new saddle, which touches parts not inured to the pressure, is very likely to have the skin of the back and shoulders abraded. Unless there is an absolute necessity for the animal to be used, he should in all cases be allowed a few days rest, that the wound may heal and become somewhat hard; even then, until the hair has fairly grown out, the greatest care must be used to see that the chafing of the harness is entirely obviated, as when the skin is in the least sore, it is peculiarly susceptible of irritation. When a gall is fresh and bleeding, nothing will so soon dry it and cause it to cicatrize, as a little dry table salt sprinkled upon it.

After the wound is in a measure healed, if it be absolutely necessary to use the horse, a careful examination of the harness or saddle should be made, and padding should be taken out, or parts of the leather removed, to prevent any part of it from touching the wound. To prevent friction, when caused by the saddle or collar, there is nothing so useful as a piece of raw sheep-skin, worn with the *flesh* side next to the horse.

In riding long journeys, it is the safest plan to have such protection always under the saddle. If the chafing is caused by loose straps striking and rubbing against the skin, they should be covered with sheep-skin, having its *woolly* side turned towards the horse.

Saddle galls are unlikely to occur if the saddle fits the back, and is left on the horse for at least one hour (and it had better remain on two or three hours) after he is put into the stable. If convenient he should be saddled half an hour before going out, as it is much better that the saddle should become warm, or slightly softened by the perspiration of the back, before the rider's weight is put upon it.

The following is a good lotion for galls of the skin:—Sal ammoniac, 1 ounce; vinegar, 4 ounces; spirits of wine, 2 ounces; tincture of arnica, 2 drachms; water, half a pint. Mix. If no other remedy is used, a mixture of burnt leather, gun-powder, and lard, should be occasionally rubbed on the gall, to prevent the growth of white hair.

Sit-fasts, and their treatment, are thus described by Stonehenge:—"Sit-fast is merely a name for an obstinate and callous galled-sore, which has repeatedly been rubbed by the saddle, and has become leathery, and disinclined to heal. If time can be allowed, there is nothing like a small quantity of blistering ointment rubbed on; or the application of a small piece of fused potassa; or even the nitrate of silver in substance, or blue-stone; all of which will produce a new action in the part, and if followed by rest from the saddle, will generally effect a cure."

BEST DEPTH FOR MILK PANS.

A correspondent of the Dairy Farmer inquires what is the best depth for milk pans, all things considered—material, durability, &c., and adds:

"It was formerly asserted that two inches in depth is as much as ought to be put into a pan of any size at one time, when cream or butter is the object; but lately it is thought by some, that evaporation and greater waste more than counterbalances the advantages of this depth; while, it is asserted from the results of some experiments that, say six inches of milk will give more cream, in proportion, than one or two will, and that the butter is of a more uniform color and consistency, by avoiding one source of 'white specks,' in part, at least, from the dried particles or sporules of the cream, which may be seen in the form of a tough skin upon the cream, often times, so hard that they are not sufficiently broken in churning to form perfect butter.

"Some may think that this is rather a small affair to seek information upon, but let me assure them, if any such there are, that it is by observing the minutia, in every branch of business, is the only way to eminence yet found worthy to be perused."

In an old volume of the Genesee Farmer there is an account of three carefully conducted experiments, for the purpose of determining whether more butter is obtained from a given quantity of milk, when set in pans partly filled than when full. Contrary to the expectations of the experimenter, from the same quantity of milk in the full pans, some three or four per cent. more butter was obtained than when set in pans half full.

An Island of Grapes.—Kelley's Island, in Lake Erie, near Sandusky, is famous for its vineyards. The number of acres on the island set to grapes is two hundred and thirty; of these sixty-two are in bearing; the others were set in 1859 and 1860. These are divided among fifty-seven proprietors, each one having a vineyard of from one to twenty-three acres. About one-tenth of the land is occupied. In one of the vineyards the vines are six feet apart one way, and eight feet the other, the rows running north and south, the vines trailed on wires fastened to posts twenty-five feet apart. At three years the yield should be three thousand pounds to the acre, which is about a half crop, but an acre in full bearing will produce seven thousand pounds, worth $450. Grapes are shipped East and West in boxes. The Catawba is the principal variety. About one-sixth of the grape crop this year was made into wine. The value of last year's crop, which was about twenty acres in extent, was $8,000; there are sixty-two acres of grapes, worth $140 per acre; in all, $25,000.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My 1, 4, 2, 3, is a fruit.
My 2, 5, 6, 7, are small animals.
My 3, 2, 1, 4, is a kind of seed.
My 4, 6, 6, 2, is a girl's nickname.
My 5, 4, 2, 3, is not far.
My 6, 3, 2, 1, is used by hunters.
My 7, 1, 2, 3, belongs to a vessel.
My 7, 6, 2, 3, is in the heavens.
My 6, 4, 2, 3, is a rent.
My 5, 2, 6, 4, is a man's nickname.
My 4, 2, 3, 5, is to work for.
My 3, 2, 6, 4, is to proportion.
My 2, 3, 6, 7, is fine work.
My 1, 2, 3, 6, is to break.
My whole should be honored.

The first half is the answer: the last half, reversed, is the same. CHAS. W. LARGE.
Portsmouth, Ohio.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

By every reader of the Post
I'm sure my first is seen each day,
While they who of their wisdom boast,
Do to it chief attention pay.

My second doth begin with C;
Is formed of letters three and one,
The finals either A or E;
The other two are not in fun.

My whole of wood is always made,
And kept within it is my first;
In order that it may not fade,
Nor be exposed to damp and dust.
"RETTUB."

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of letters six,
When they are all rightly fixed.
Omit the first one in my name,
And yet you say I'm still the same.
Omit my second, and you see
It will be like you or me.
In travelling this world around,
My whole is very often found.
HENRY JAMES WALTER.

CHARADE.

My first oft in summer time shuts up the eyes,
And what all, that has life, will be when it dies.
My second's a god of a rural profession,
Also I'm found in each household possession.
And my whole's a utensil often required,
When cleanliness is by the housewife desired.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are three wheels, A B and C, each 10 2-7 feet in circumference, standing with their axes in a right line, with the letter M on the circumference of each, which are also in a right line. If these wheels be set in motion, A at the rate of 5 1-7, B 7 1-5, and C 13 1-3 feet in 1 second, how long before the Ms on the circumference of the wheels will all be in a right line again, and how many revolutions will each have made?

QUESTION.

A landed man two daughters had,
And both were very fair;
To each he gave a piece of land,
One round, the other square.
At forty dollars the acre just,
Each piece its value had,
The dollars which encompassed each
For each exactly paid.
If 'cross a dollar be an inch,
And just a half-inch more,
Which did the better portion have,
That had the round or square?

☞ An answer is requested.
JAMES THOMPSON.
Middleport, Meigs Co., Ohio.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An auger hole 16 inches in diameter being made through the centre of a sphere was found to consume 98-125ths of its solid contents. Required the diameter of the sphere?
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What islands in the Ægean Sea resembl ladies in a delicate state of health? Ans.—Th Cyclades (sick ladies.)

☞ When is a ship like a vintner? Ans.—When she is making port.

☞ What is that which, when found in wed lock, is single, yet in widowhood is both sing and double? Ans.—The letter O.

☞ What Scripture name implies a conte between two vowels, and the result of that co test? Ans.—Ahitophel (A hit; O fell.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Tell yo neighbor to subscribe for the Post. TOWNS IN ENGLAND, &c.—Y-ox-ford, Work-s Brick-hill, Bartle, Harrow, Chest-er-field, Hor castle, Well-ing (gin.) CHARADE.—Robi CHARADE.—Cock-roach. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—The curve is a hypocycloid. Th radius of the fixed circle is 16 inches, and the ra dius of the moving circle is 4 inches.

We have received three answers to Arithm cal Problem by La Fayette Caruthers, publish Dec. 22, viz.: 295,536¾ bricks, but if laid mortar, a deduction of 1-10 must be made, would therefore require 265,982⅝ bricks. J. Humes.

It will require 289,624½ bricks, making no duction for mortar, which is estimated at which would make the answer 221,153¾ bri James B. Faird, Oakland, Miss.

279,911¼ bricks. John Y. McCarter, Hay ville, Pa.

Answer to Geo. Dunham's Problem, Jan 5 1861 9-11 pounds. Ansel Pillsbury, East Cl land, Ohio, and J. F. H., Manor Dale, Pa.

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's Problem Ja 5th: 69.6396 inches. There are 16 layer balls. N. P. Blakeslee, North Farmington, M

☞ There's a spot on the brain not la than the head of a pin, which, if touched sudden death, as instant as lightning.

☞ As a tree that is heavily laden w fruit breaks its own boughs, so men, by th own greatness, destroy themselves.